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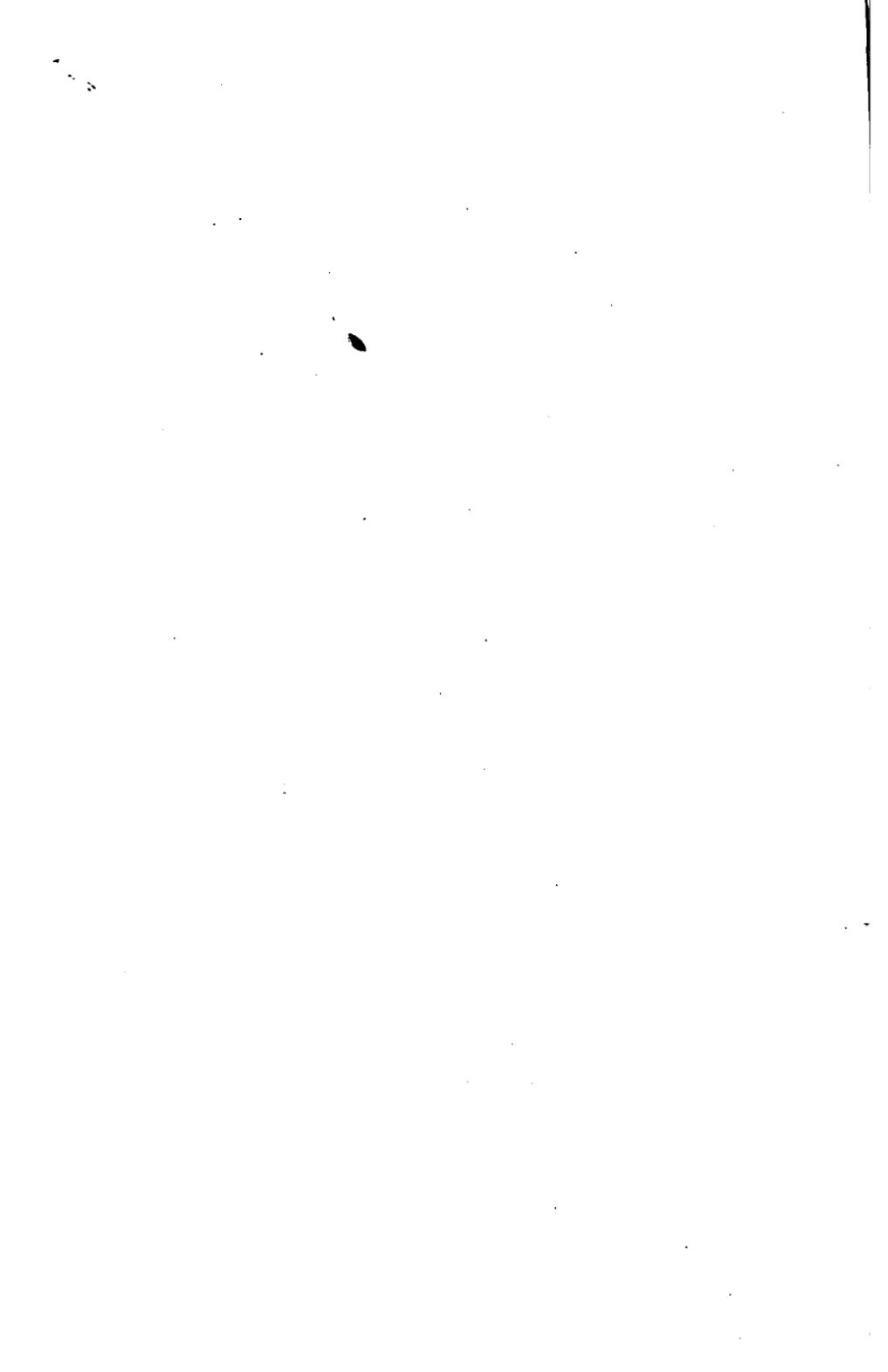
ESSAYS & SKETCHES



FRANCES ANABEL EDMUNDS







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ANS



Very sincerely yours
Anabel Edmunds

APPENDICES

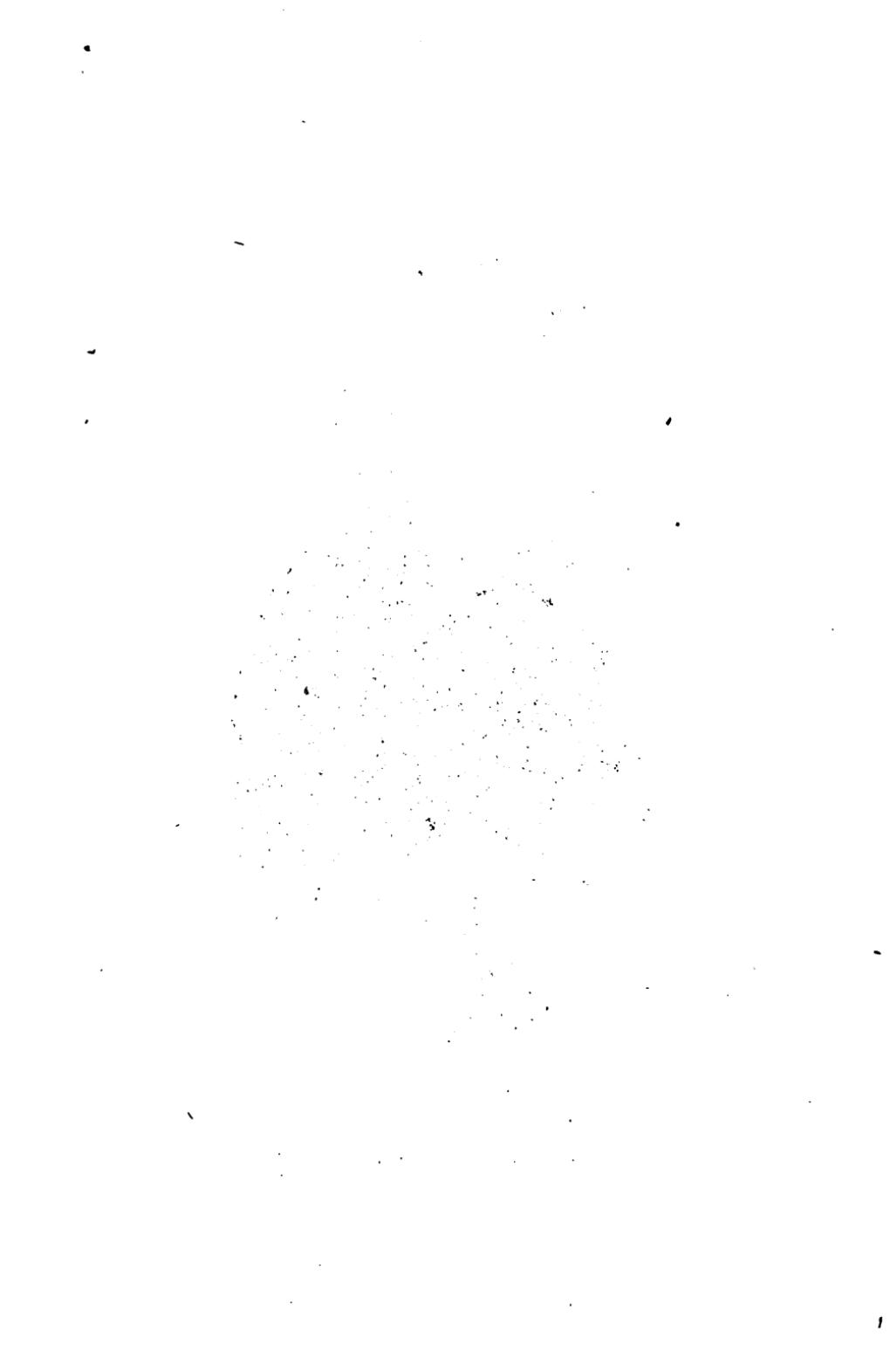
APPENDIX A

IN MEMORY

APPENDIX B

MR. GORDON R. H. BROWN, JR.

RECEIVED



ESSAYS AND SKETCHES

BY

FRANCES ANABEL EDMUNDS

'Not all regret: the face will shine
Upon me, while I muse alone;
And that dear voice, I once have known,
Still speak to me of me and mine:

Yet less of sorrow lives in me,
For days of happy commune dead;
Less yearning for the friendship fled,
Than some strong bond which is to be.'

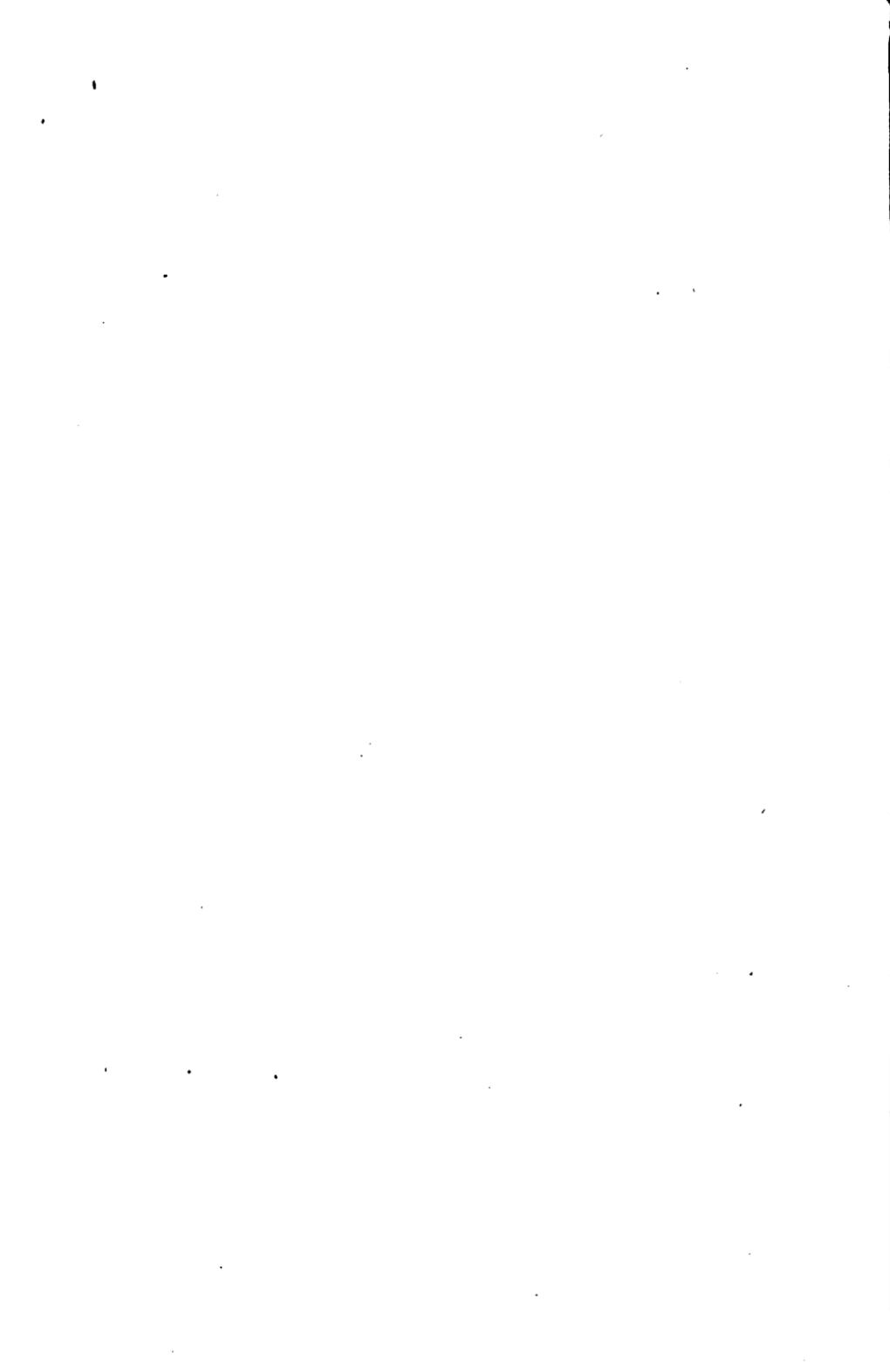
IN MEMORIAM.

EDINBURGH
CHARLES C. GARDNER, 41 DUNDAS STREET

MDCCCLXXXII



Inscribed
To her Son
By his Father.



P R E F A C E.

A FEW words of preface seem to me to be necessary.

In the first place, I should state the reasons which mainly induced me to print and present in book-form the various papers which make up this little volume. These were—partly to perpetuate the memory of the Authoress to her son, and partly to gratify the wishes of many who had the happiness of her acquaintance.

I have next to explain that some of the Essays were composed when the writer was a member of a Literary Club, and that others have already been published in the *Argosy* and *Victoria* Magazines. The latter are reproduced here by special permission of the Editors.

I desire also to express my thanks to my friend, Mr J. Logie Robertson, for seeing the volume through the press; and to my friend, Signor Minola, for allowing me to include the two Acrostics which he kindly sent me in August 1878, and June 1879.

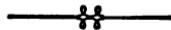
Mr Anderson's exquisite etching speaks for itself.

A. C. E.

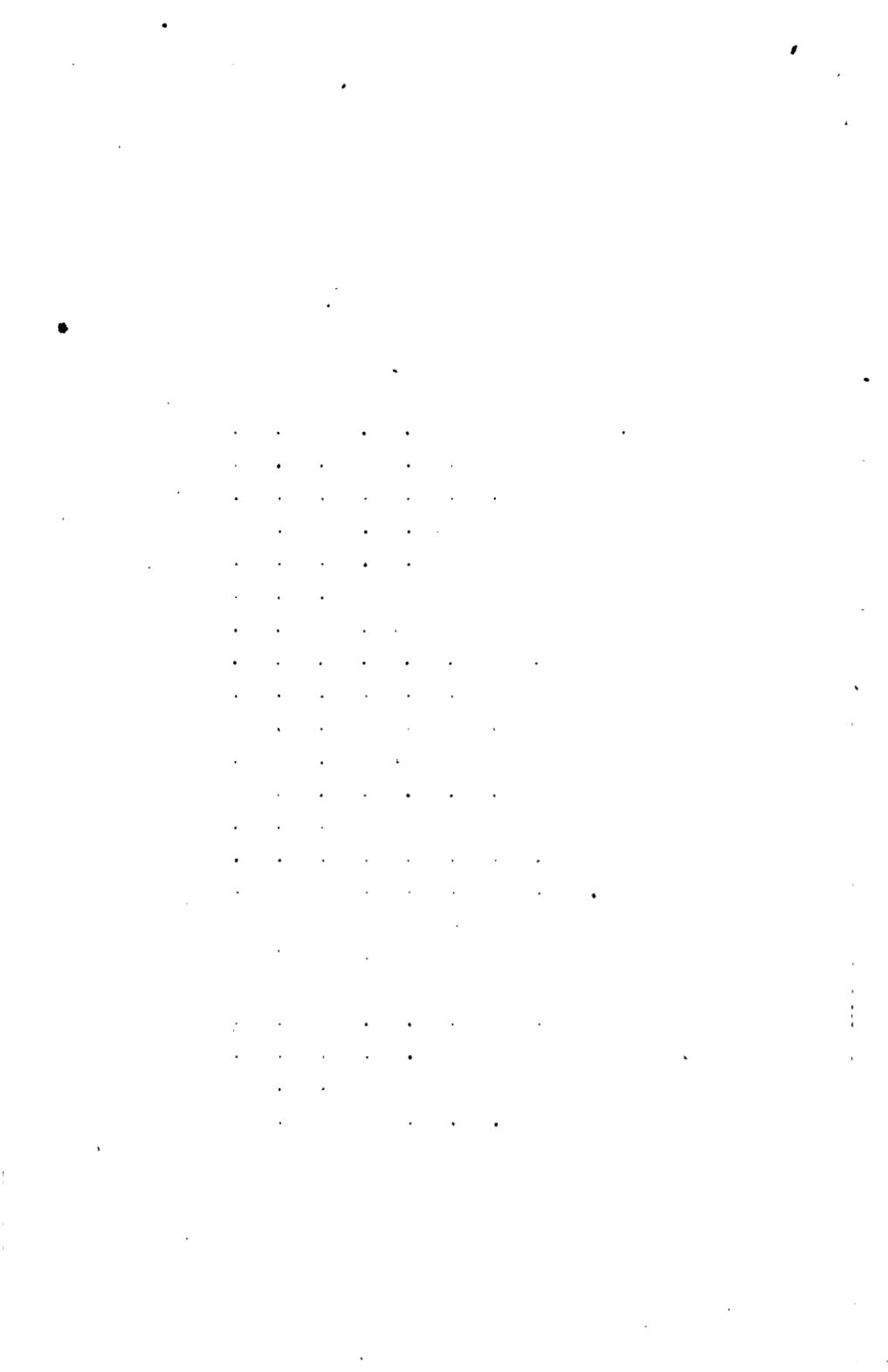
9 FETTES ROW, EDINBURGH,
12th January 1880.



CONTENTS.



	PAGE
AUTUMN	1
THE EARLS OF WARWICK	8
PEACE ON EARTH	22
WHO WERE THE ROSICRUCIANS?	31
SELF-ESTEEM	33
SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIMES	41
WHAT ARE INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS?	53
A DAY IN SARK	58
SIR WILLIAM WALLACE	69
WHAT IS VIRTUE?	75
TRROUBLES, REAL AND SENTIMENTAL	79
MARIE ANTOINETTE	84
THE MAUSOLEUM BUILT BY PHILIP II.	97
PUNCTUALITY	99
LIGHTHOUSES	106
MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN GRECIAN HISTORY, AND WHY?	118
THE CHIEF ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.	122
MY IDEAL OF A PERFECT LADY	133
TWO ITALIAN ACROSTICS BY A FRIEND	135
LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS	137



A U T U M N.

THE 'pensive beauty' of Autumn has been the inspiring theme of many a poem, and there is surely no landscape painter who has not striven to transfer its glowing colours to his canvas. What artists have painted, and poets have sung, is a noble subject for any pen, however feeble, and however conscious of the hopelessness of doing anything like justice to its task.

The variety of Nature is one of her greatest charms ; in form, design and colour, her diversity is the delight of every reverent student of her beauty. She works with the utmost freedom, yet bound by inviolable laws, and, from the most highly developed of her species down to the minutest leaf and blade of grass, she shows a 'bewildering variety and prodigality of loveliness which surpass every human conception.

With one aspect only of her charms, and that a general one, are we now called upon to deal. We are fast completing the round of another year ; to the joyous youthfulness of Spring succeeded the mature beauty of Summer which, in its turn, has given place to the full glory of Autumn, the crown of the whole year's promise, and which is even now fast escaping us. There is a touch of decay in all earthly happiness, and the beauty of Autumn is the beauty of approaching death, though a death which even in itself betokens life. We look at the fast fading leaves as they fall in silent showers at our feet, call them *dead*, and speak shiveringly of the chill approach of Winter which the sight so keenly recalls to us. The word is not a misplaced one. They have fulfilled their mission of use

and beauty, and their short career is ended ; but their fall indicates the *life*, not the death of the tree. Were the tree dead, the leaves would adhere to the branches, but, by the natural fall of the leaf, the sap returns to the root, and so produces those glowing tints so dear to the lover of the Autumn landscape.

Autumn has many aspects, and is perhaps the most changing of the seasons. In Summer and Winter we perceive little daily change, and the rapid development of Spring is less apparent than the varying hues of Autumn. The chief beauty of the season, in many eyes, is the vivid colour of the decaying leaves ; and, to them, the loveliest sight of the whole year is that presented by the woods and groves in the month of October—more lovely than the delicate green of early Spring, and the faint, soft colouring of the modest Spring flowers.

This seems a point on which people hold strong opinions, and they will argue vehemently on the subject of the charms of their favourite Seasons.

Whether we enrol ourselves among the partisans of Spring or Autumn, we shall find, on either side, high authorities from those who make Nature their deepest study ; but the truest appreciation of beauty may be with those who can say with Wordsworth—

‘ The seasons came,
And *every* season whereso’er I moved
Unfolded transitory qualities,
Which, but for this most watchful power of love,
Had been neglected.’

For my own part I love the Spring, and like to think that, notwithstanding the above quotation, my beloved poet, ‘ the High Priest of Nature,’ reveals his true feelings when he speaks of May as ‘ the loveliest shape of Spring.’

Still, we must all acknowledge the charm of the diversified tints of Autumn woods when they 'have put their glory on,' even though we may not go so far as Professor Shairp when he awards the palm of beauty to October.

'October misty bright ! the touch is thine
That the full year to consummation brings,
When noonday suns and nightly frosts combine
To make a glory that outrivals Spring's.'

It may be interesting perhaps to note the share of the different trees in the whole of Autumn beauty, and to mention the various shades of the 'painted leaves.' The foliage of those trees which lose their leaves the soonest, such as the lime, horse-chesnut, and birch, is either yellowish green or gold colour ; the planes and sycamores have various hues of yellow and brilliant red ; the elms take a fine rich tint of yellow brown, and the beeches have a yet deeper shade of rich brown, tending towards red. Oaks are extremely variable in their appearance, owing to circumstances of age or soil ; some appear in their summer dress, others wear a darker green, while there are some which assume a russet hue. What a wealth of colour we have here, and yet what a sad reminder of approaching decay and desolation ! How can we gaze at this fading loveliness without thoughts of the bare boughs and leafless branches which are so fast coming upon us !

The sad beauty of Autumn recalls to many minds the past Spring of their youth, and the Summer of health and happiness which might have been so much more worthily used ; and they think mournfully that they too are in 'the sere and yellow leaf,' and are hurrying on to the Winter of old age, with the past and its neglected opportunities gone beyond recall.

But we find a pretty strong rebuke administered to such melancholy reflections, and a good deal of sound sense in a letter written by Pope, to a friend, in October, which I shall venture to quote as a charming description of Autumnal scenery :—‘ Do not talk of the decay of the year,’ he says, ‘ the season is good when the people are so. It is the best time of the year for a painter ; there is more variety of colour in the leaves ; the prospects begin to open through the thinner woods over the valleys, and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven ; the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth ; the forests are fresh and wholesome. What would you have ? ’

Taking the question as a personal one, I should answer, ‘ I would have a never ending Spring, my dear Poet, with vivid green, and a carpet of flowers, and singing birds, and all nature rejoicing in the renewal of youth ; and, notwithstanding all the pretty things you have said of Autumn, I shall chiefly value it as a necessary period of repose in the economy of nature, whereby she gathers strength to encounter the vigour of Winter, and prepares for another outburst of Spring beauty.’

This, of course, would not be the answer of all, and it is well that for variety of beauty there is variety of taste. I do not forget that to these dying Autumn leaves we owe one of the most hauntingly musical lines in English poetry, where, in ‘ Paradise Lost,’ our great poet recalls his early travels in Italy, and speaks of legions of spirits lying

‘ Thick as Autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in
Vallombrosa.’

The chief, the crowning beauty of Autumn is described in the name itself, which means literally, ‘ the season of increase,’ from the Latin *auctum*, to increase. It is the time

of the gathering-in of the fruits of the earth, the farmer's rich reward for months of patient toil, the fulfilment of Spring shower and Summer sunshine, the gift of Him who 'visiteth the earth and blesseth it, and maketh it very plenteous.'

But we must remember that this is the grace of *early* Autumn, not of the later season of decay, but of the earlier

'Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun ;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch eaves run ;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease.'

There is no sight for which we should be more grateful than that of the waving yellow corn, 'England's goldfields' ; and when we remember that every harvest-time we are 'within a fortnight of starvation,' we can only welcome with humble thankfulness the time

'When earth repays with golden sheaves
The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits and forest leaves
All brighten on the bough.'

There is no thought of coming sorrow in these days of ripe plenty, when the fierceness of summer heat has departed, and the sun

'Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,
The sweetest of the year ;'

when calm peace takes the place of former anxiety, and the beneficent Giver repays a hundred-fold the labour of His creatures.

‘They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest,’ are the words of Isaiah, so sublime in their simple beauty, which speak to us still on each succeeding Christmas day when we are rejoicing that upon us ‘hath the light shined.’

Then how we all enjoy the crispness of an Autumnal morning, which has a charm peculiar to itself! the slight touch of frost which quickens the pulses and raises the spirits, and

‘Announces a season potent to renew
—nobler cares than listless summer knew !’

—the delicate mist which, gradually clearing, leaves us in possession of a noonday calm and bright! And though we miss our summer songsters, we hear now the voice of our dear little friend, the redbreast,

‘Wooing the stillness of the autumn day.’

But

‘O Autumn ! why so soon
Depart the hues that made the forest glad,
Thy gentle wind, and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad?’

For now has come the dreariest time of the whole year, when

‘With spirit-saddening power
Winds pipe through fading woods ;’

when the crisp rustling leaves under our feet have become a sodden mass, and

‘Chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.’

We watch the flight of the swallows to sunnier shores, and envy their immunity from fog, frost, and snow ; but let us remember that, except to delicate invalids, cold is not an evil ; it is unpleasant, certainly, but it suits our English temperament ; we are brisker and brighter than during summer heat ; we do more work, and it is better of its kind ; we are roused from a languor which often partakes of selfishness, and bethink ourselves of the wants of the poor whom our Lord has given to be always with us, and to whom Autumn is a dreary word, speaking only of coming hardship and privation.

Grumbling is the privilege of every Briton—a distinctive and truly national habit ; and on no topic is it more freely indulged than on that of our English climate. But with all respect for time-honoured prejudice, and with a keen remembrance of Autumn damp and Winter cold, we hold that the ‘merrie monarch’ is right when he affirmed that, on the whole, it is the best climate in the world, and that in no other could you ‘live out of doors so many days in the year, and so many hours in each day.’

THE EARLS OF WARWICK.

AMONG the many beautiful country seats which claim the willing admiration of tourists and visitors, none perhaps is so well known and so dear to the country at large as Warwick Castle. Standing, as it does to this day, in its ancient feudal magnificence, it is the pride, not only of the quiet little town which surrounds it so closely, that it seems as if clinging to it for protection; but of all who love the history of their country, and who delight to preserve, not only in the library, but in every form of relic, the remembrance of 'the brave (if stormy) days of old.'

This was avowedly the spirit which prompted the generous subscription raised on the occasion of the disastrous fire a few years ago—a fire which, by the way, has left, we may be thankful to know, few *outward* traces of its ravages. It was not because the residence of Lord Warwick had been threatened with destruction that money flowed in so freely, but because we looked upon Warwick Castle as a national treasure, and would have mourned it as a national loss. And not to Englishmen only is it dear: there is no spot in England to which the steps of American pilgrims turn more frequently, when visiting the historic shrines of the old country.

We may hope, then, that a short sketch will not be unwelcome of the many illustrious men known to us as Earls of Warwick, not a few traces of whom are to be found in the stately pile, but whose fame has reached far beyond the limits of their own domains. Few men are more familiar to readers of English history, and have played a more

important (if not always fortunate) part than the various owners of this historic title, and in the endeavour to follow their fortunes we shall be brought into contact with many illustrious English Families which, by inheritance or marriage, have come at one time or another to possess it.

The arbitrary transfer by the King of title and estates from one family to another, is a fact which often meets us in olden days, when such a display of power was but a part of the kingly prerogative, and when all classes benefiting by the feudal system admitted the Royal right to transfer estates after attainder. That this was a matter of frequent occurrence will not surprise us when we remember the many disputes in which the succession to the throne was involved, and the warmth with which the great nobles espoused the cause of Plantagenet, Yorkist, Lancastrian, or Tudor. Of course, the victor rewarded his followers with the possessions of those who were on the losing side. We shall see how this was the case with the Earls of Warwick in the disastrous Wars of the Roses.

To begin at the beginning, or rather a little before, our first mention must be of the romantic and mythical Guy the Saxon, Earl of Warwick. There are many allusions to this famous hero in mediæval chronicles, but none earlier than the fourteenth century, and, as one of Guy's great achievements, the fight with the Danish champion, Colbrand the Giant ('that same mighty man,' as he is called in 'King John'), is fixed in the year 926, antiquaries receive such comparatively late statements with a smile of incredulity. Shakespeare has another allusion to the renowned Guy in 'Henry VIII.' (Act v., scene 3). Chaucer refers to him in the 'Canterbury Tales,' and in the 'Percy Ballads' are two old English poems, 'The Legend of Sir Guy,' and 'Guy and Amarant.' Other less known histories and legends are really too numerous to mention. After his famous duel, Guy is

said to have retired to a hermitage, and to have made with his own hands the cave known as Guy's Cliff, near Warwick. A few days before his death he revealed himself to his fair Countess Phillis, whom he seems to have treated in a somewhat unaccountable manner, for she was left in ignorance of her husband's abode, and only summoned, as we have said, to his deathbed. However, she was gentle and forgiving, and he, after a lofty acceptance of her devotion, died, we have no doubt, 'universally esteemed and regretted.' Several modern writers have been inclined to admit that his exploits had a basis of reality, and the Earls of Warwick have certainly adopted him as an ancestor, by causing his history to be worked in tapestry, by taking his Christian name, and by calling after him a tower of their castle. His armour and gigantic 'porridge pot' are shown with apparent good faith by the old woman in charge of the room containing the relics. She affirms the hero to have been eight feet eleven inches in height.

Coming to historical times, we find that, previous to the Norman Conquest, the titular Earls of Warwick were really no more than officers of the Earls of Mercia, and did not in their own right possess the town and castle. When the Conqueror usurped the throne, Jurchill, the son of Alwine, was *Vicecomes* (Viscount) of Warwick. He seems to have been a peaceable man, and wise in his generation, if wisdom consisted in holding aloof from the struggles of one's country. Whatever his convictions or sympathies may have been, he refrained from giving assistance to Harold, and was allowed to remain, for the time being, in quiet possession of his estates. He obeyed the King's mandate to repair and fortify the town and castle, and is mentioned in the 'Domesday Book' as one of the landowners of the county. Notwithstanding his adoption of the immortal principle that 'whatever is, is right,' Jurchill experienced the proverbial fickle-

ness of princes, for during his life we find the Conqueror transferring his title and estates to a follower of his own from 'La belle Normandie'—Henry de Newburgh, younger son of Roger de Bellamont; and in him we have now reached the first historical Earl of Warwick. In this family the honour remained till 1242, when Thomas de Newburgh dying without issue, left Margaret, his half sister, his heir. She married twice, both her husbands successively bearing the title of Earl. The second, John de Plessetis, is recorded, in the 'Annals of the County,' to have granted to the burgesses of Warwick, in the forty-fifth year of Henry III., a fair for three days. Countess Margaret died about 1263, having survived her second husband, and leaving no children; the earldom was then inherited by William de Malduit, her cousin, who, dying in his turn without children, was succeeded by his nephew, William de Beauchamp, Baron of Elmley.

The new Earls of Warwick were a more illustrious race than any of their predecessors, and have left numerous traces of their activity at home and abroad. We begin now to realize the individuality of each Earl, and to be able to follow his history more in detail. We do not hear much of Earl William beyond his own town, to which he was an important benefactor: he established fairs and markets in the reign of Edward I., and began the important works of walling and paving,—which did not, however, proceed rapidly, for permission to levy tolls for their execution was granted by the two succeeding Edwards.

Thomas de Beauchamp, tenth Earl, was a man of high consideration in the fourteenth century, and was much distinguished in the French and Scotch wars of Edward III., earning 'the priceless honour of mention by Froissart,' who, speaking of him with Lord Clinton, says, 'They took many strong towns, and gained great honour by their conduct and valour.' He died near Calais in 1376, and is buried with his

wife in the Choir of St Mary's Church, Warwick, where his tomb is still to be seen.

He was succeeded by his son, also named Thomas, who was chosen governor to Richard II. during his minority, but being dismissed from Court, he spent the greater part of his life in a calm and happy exile in his own domains, 'far from the madding crowd,' and is best known to posterity as the builder of the tower at the north-east corner of the castle, known as Guy's Tower.

Dying in 1401, he was succeeded by his son Richard, whose career was a more eventful and distinguished one. He took in battle the standard of Owen Glendower during the rebellion of that chieftain against Henry IV. He fought with eminent success in the French wars of Henry V.; and having, in 1425, been sent over to France with a reinforcement of 6000 men, he was left by the Duke of Bedford to act as Regent during the Duke's absence in England. Whilst holding this post he carried on the war with great good fortune, and gained several important places in the province of Maine. On the return of Bedford to France in 1428, Warwick was summoned home by the English Council, to undertake the guardianship of Henry VI., then a minor. He continued to fill this post till 1437, when he was appointed Regent of France. His second administration was not signalized by any remarkable event, and before it had lasted quite two years he fell ill, and died at the Castle of Rouen in April 1439. In the following October his body was brought to Warwick, and deposited, by his own desire, in a chest of stone before the Altar of St Mary's Church, until the erection, in accordance with his will, of the beautiful Beauchamp Chapel attached to that church. The tomb to which his remains were ultimately removed stands in the centre of the chapel, and is considered to be inferior to none in England, except that of Henry VII. at Westminster. Gough says,

that 'about the middle of the seventeenth century the floor of Our Lady's Chapel fell in, and discovered the body perfect and fresh, till, on the letting in of the air, it fell to pieces. The ladies of Warwick made rings of the noble Earl's hair.' He is known by the honourable title of 'The Good;' and by his second wife he left two children, Henry, who succeeded him, and Anne, who married Richard Nevil, son of the Earl of Salisbury, whose name we must carefully remember.

Henry de Beauchamp's life was honourable but brief: inheriting the title in 1439, it is said that he was kept out of his estates for two years by Henry VI., who, to atone for his injustice, nominated him, in 1444, Premier Earl of England, with the privilege of wearing a gold coronet, and a few days afterwards created him Duke of Warwick. Not content with this, Henry, in the following year, made this favourite of fortune King of the Islands of Wight, Jersey, and Guernsey, crowning him with his own hand. Unhappily, honours do not insure life to enjoy them, for in June of the same year (1445) Beauchamp died, leaving one little daughter, Anne: the dukedom became extinct on his death, and the earldom was inherited by baby Anne, who left this world and its distinctions in 1449, when six years old. There was now left but one representative of the illustrious Beauchamp family, Anne, daughter of the Good Earl Richard, sister of the late Duke, and aunt of the poor little Countess. This Anne, it will be remembered, had married Richard Nevil, who, when his wife succeeded to the vast family estates, was created Earl of Warwick, the dignity to descend to the heirs of his wife, 'with all pre-eminences that any of their ancestors before the creation of Henry, Duke of Warwick, used.'

The fame of the now extinct Beauchamps pales before that of the great Earl Richard, known to us so well as 'The King-maker.' It seems almost a work of supererogation to

undertake his history, but still our sketch would be wholly incomplete without it, and it will do none of us harm to discover how much knowledge we now possess of what puzzled and wearied us all in our childish days, the unhappy Wars of the Roses. Surely no portion of English history is more sad or more perplexing, and with it is inextricably woven the name of Richard Nevil, who seems to have been related to most of the eminent men of the day, in a manner which can only be unravelled by a herald or antiquary. The most important, and by far the most distracting, of these alliances is that which connected him with Richard, Duke of York, who, as representative of Lionel, third son of Edward III., was the lineal heir to the throne now occupied by the House of Lancaster, descended from Edward's fourth son, John of Gaunt. It will be sufficient to say that Edward IV. (son of Richard, Duke of York) and the Earl of Warwick were first cousins.

We have now met the greatest name which will appear in our sketch, 'the hero of the age, Richard Nevil,' whose history is that of the long and dreary contest between the Houses of York and Lancaster, and who, says Hume, 'was the greatest, as well as the last, of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the crown.' With the reign of Henry VII. began a new order of things, and the great feudal system was at an end.

Warwick was by ties and sympathy a Yorkist; and to the competitor who had on his side the greatest noble of the age, who could bring into the field 60,000 men, and who belonged to 'the most extensively-connected family that ever existed among the nobility of England,' success was almost guaranteed. When the incapacity of Henry VI. was declared, and the Barons chose the Duke of York as Protector of the kingdom, Warwick adopted the cause of his kinsman, and the battle of St Alban's, the first at which the Yorkists

and Lancastrians met, was mainly won by his valour. He was rewarded with the Governorship of Calais, then, and for long after, the most important military charge in Christendom: to this Henry, anxious to conciliate so powerful a subject, joined the command of the fleet for five years. Warwick added naval to his military successes, and on entering London, in 1460, he was received with universal acclamation.

The Duke of York now advanced his claim to the throne: Warwick defeated the army of Margaret of Anjou near Northampton, and obtained possession of the King's person. The next battle, that of Wakefield, was disastrous to the Yorkists: the Duke was taken and put to death, and Warwick's father, with twelve other nobles, was beheaded at Pontefract. The Queen's second victory at St Alban's liberated Henry, but a junction of Warwick's forces with those of the young Edward, now Duke of York, compelled the Royal army to retire to the north. Edward and Warwick entered London in triumph: on the 4th of March 1461, the former was proclaimed king, and the defeat of the Lancastrian army at Towton, on the 29th, secured to him the throne. During the remaining years of the struggle, Warwick performed many important services, and it was by him that the unfortunate Henry was conducted to the Tower in June 1465.

Warwick was now at the height of greatness: he was Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, High Admiral, Great Chamberlain, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Governor of Calais. What, then, was the reason of his great apostacy, and adoption of the cause of Queen Margaret and her son? Many motives are assigned for it; among them, King Edward's marriage; jealousy of the Queen's relations, the Woodvilles; the marriage of the King's sister with the Duke of Burgundy, contrary to his (Warwick's) advice, and his dishonoured

embassy to the Court of France ; and, according to one account, a gross insult offered by Edward to his daughter Anne. Lord Lytton considers the last to be the true reason, and discards all other surmises. Certain it is that there was a rupture between the King and his hitherto faithful ally, followed by a hollow reconciliation, which did not last long. In July 1468, Edward's next brother, the Duke of Clarence, gave great offence to His Majesty by marrying the Earl's elder daughter, Isabel Nevil.

The story of Warwick's movements at this time is lengthy and tedious. He soon broke out in open revolt against Edward, and concluded a treaty with Queen Margaret to the effect that her son, Prince Edward, should marry his youngest daughter, Anne, and that, in failure of issue, the crown should devolve upon Clarence. King Edward escaped to Holland, and Henry resumed the sovereignty : this Revolution earned for Warwick his well-known title of 'King-maker.' He was restored by Parliament to the offices taken from him by Edward ; but this only lasted a few months. In March 1471, Edward, assisted by the Duke of Burgundy, landed in Yorkshire ; Clarence and the Archbishop of York were won over ; and on April 14th the two armies met at Barnet. The Lancastrians were defeated, and our great Earl and his brother Montague left dead on the field. Their bodies were exposed three days in St Paul's, and then buried at Bisham, in Berkshire.

This was a fatal blow to the fortunes of the Nevils ; they never recovered power after the battle of Barnet, and the present Earl of Abergavenny is the only lineal descendant of that almost regal House. The Earl's widow, Anne de Beauchamp, who survived him many years, was reduced to great poverty, till the restoration of her estates after the accession of Henry VII.

The next inheritor of the title will not occupy us long :

'the perjured and despicable Clarence' is unworthy of lengthened notice. He married, as we have seen, the King-maker's eldest daughter, and was created Earl of Warwick by the King. But Edward never forgot that Clarence had joined arms against him in connection with his father-in-law, and though afterwards reconciled, they were never cordial. Clarence was attainted of treason by a parliament which met in 1478, and was privately put to death, being drowned, as is popularly believed, in a butt of Malmsey. His son also bore the title of Earl of Warwick, and his history is perhaps the saddest we shall be called upon to record.

We do not hear much of him till after the accession of Henry VIII., when he was immediately lodged in the Tower. In 1486 broke out the insurrection of Lambert Simnel, who was put forward as the young Earl of Warwick, and was even received as such by the Duchess of Burgundy, sister of Edward IV., and accorded royal honours in the name of the unfortunate prisoner in the Tower. The imposture was soon detected ; but another Pretender having arisen who gave himself the name of Earl of Warwick, Henry considered it essential to the safety of his dynasty to put the poor young Earl to death ; and he was beheaded on Tower Hill. Henry, though rapacious and avaricious, was not bloodthirsty ; and we must do him the justice of believing that unless he considered himself compelled, he would not have committed so cruel an act. From this time there was no Earl of Warwick till Edward VI. conferred the title upon John Dudley, Viscount Lisle, who was maternally descended from Margaret Beauchamp, daughter of Richard de Beauchamp, twelfth Earl, and who is better known to us by his subsequently acquired title of Duke of Northumberland. He was the son of Edmund Dudley, infamous as the instrument of Henry VII.'s extortions, and was introduced at

Court by the reigning favourite, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, receiving the honour of knighthood for the gallantry he had shown while attending the Duke on his expedition to France. He enjoyed the patronage of Wolsey and Cromwell, and was by their interest appointed to more than one lucrative office. The fall of his patron did not affect his fortunes, for in 1542 we find him raised to the peerage as Viscount Lisle, and next year he was made Lord High Admiral for life, and appointed Governor of Boulogne; finally, he was one of the sixteen noblemen nominated by Henry VIII. in his will, for the carrying on of the Government during the minority of his son.

At first all things went smoothly enough, and Dudley appears as a cordial supporter of the Protector Somerset's authority. In 1547 he acquired the title which constitutes his interest to us, and was created Earl of Warwick. He greatly distinguished himself in the expedition to Scotland in the autumn of the same year, and gained the battle of Pinkie. When the rebellion broke out in Norfolk, 'this noble Chieftain and valiant Earl,' as Holinshed calls him, was entrusted with its suppression. The history of Warwick's rivalry with Somerset is an evil and treacherous page in his life, and one which makes us feel that the ultimate retribution he met with was just. The Protector's execution of his brother, Lord Seymour, is supposed to have been instigated by Warwick, who was bent on the destruction of both brothers. As Somerset's popularity declined, Warwick's increased; and he was soon strong enough to bring about the deposition of his rival from his high office, and his committal to the Tower. He was afterwards released, and a reconciliation effected by means of his marriage with Warwick's daughter; but the two suns could not shine in the same hemisphere, and Warwick,

now Duke of Northumberland, and practically Protector, consummated his treachery when, by his means, Somerset was convicted of felony, and executed on Tower Hill. He met his death with courage, and popular sympathy was greatly excited in his favour by the feeling that he had fallen a victim to a man much less worthy than himself, and that in him the Reformation had lost its great supporter. Dudley never overcame the hatred which that day's work incurred, and his fatal ambition proved his ruin. In April 1552, Edward's health began to fail and Northumberland to plot for the transference of the Crown into his own family. His son, Guildford Dudley, had married Lady Jane Grey, great granddaughter of Henry VII., upon whose descendants Henry VIII. had settled the Crown in failure of the lives of his sons and daughters; and Northumberland induced the dying young King to exclude his sisters, and nominate Lady Jane as his successor. This was kept concealed for some days after Edward's death; but, on the 10th of July, Jane was proclaimed Queen, and on the 16th Northumberland left London at the head of a force of 8000 men to meet the adherents of the Queen, but, losing hope, he abandoned the cause of his daughter-in-law, and proclaimed her rival Queen. This, however, did not save him: on the same day he was arrested, and on the 25th committed to the Tower, where sad indeed must have been his thoughts, and the remembrance of his past grandeur and ambition. No position is more pitiable than that of the man who has had the highest power, save the kingly, within his grasp, and lost all by his own criminal folly. What repentance can be so bitter? Heartfelt and earnest, but so ineffectual! The last act of this sad tragedy took place in August, when Northumberland, with his eldest son, was arraigned for high treason. Both were found guilty; but the father only was executed, and suffered on

Tower Hill, proclaiming himself, to the general surprise, a Roman Catholic, though he had professed through life the Reformed faith.

His son, styled Earl of Warwick, was released from custody, but died a few days after ; and his younger brother, Ambrose Dudley, was restored by Queen Elizabeth to the dignities of Baron Lisle and Earl of Warwick. He died in 1581, without children, and his monument is erected in Beauchamp Chapel. 'Good Earl Ambrose' is best known, perhaps, as brother of the more famous, but less virtuous, Earl of Leicester.

We have now reached another interregnum in the family history, and the end of all historical interest attached to the Earls of Warwick : from this time they may have been respectable, but they were no longer illustrious. We have rapidly followed the fortunes of Newburgh, Beauchamp, Nevil, Plantagenet, and Dudley ; and a few words will dismiss those who succeeded to the title, but not to the greatness so long connected with it.

Ambrose Dudley died childless ; and the Earldom remained dormant till it was revived by James I., in the person of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick and Holland. It was retained by this family from 1618, when it again fell into abeyance, in default of male heirs. The only Earl of this race whom we need mention is Addison's stepson, who is, however, only known in connection with his illustrious stepfather : it was to him the dying poet addressed the famous words, 'See how a Christian can die.'

Another intricate genealogical puzzle brings us to the present owners of this ancient dignity, the Grevilles. Early in the sixteenth century Sir Fulke Greville had married the granddaughter and heiress of Lord Willoughby de Broke and his wife Elizabeth Beauchamp, the latter of whom was descended from a brother of the William de Beauchamp

who became Earl of Warwick in 1267. On a descendant of this Sir Fulke (who had himself been created Lord Broke) the title was conferred in 1759, and in his family it still remains. Thus proud ambition and chequered fortunes have yielded place to peaceful honour.

‘PEACE ON EARTH.’

AT a time when we are celebrating the Advent which consummated an eternal peace between God and man, it is surely not inappropriate that we should be called upon to consider that part of the angelic greeting which proclaimed ‘Peace on Earth.’

The subject is a wide one, and I shall attempt to limit it by stating first what aspects of Peace I consider beyond the scope of this little paper. I presume that ‘December’ does not intend us to dwell upon that inward peace which is the special gift of Christ to those who love and trust Him—whose ‘conscience is void of offence toward God and toward men.’ This indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit is so sacred a subject that the most reverent treatment is to leave it untouched. Again, there is a time of Peace spoken of in many places in Holy Scripture which certainly has never yet appeared—the references to it are so well known that quotation is unnecessary—we know it perhaps best by the name ‘Millennium.’ Some people consider that we are fast approaching that happy time, and that, without any visible change in the earth’s government, perfection will soon be reached ; others, but surely very few, affirm that we are already in the Millennium. How these enthusiasts can read any single text in their Bibles which can be applied to that Reign of Peace, and then, looking round upon this weary, tumultuous world, reconcile such a visible contradiction, is a mystery which they themselves only can solve, and which is beyond the comprehen-

hension of those who see, too sadly, sin and suffering on every side.

I shall then take it for granted that we are meant to write of Peace on Earth as it is now, or is likely to be so long as this dispensation lasts—and of Peace between man and man, not between man and his Maker.

Where then shall we find 'the blessing of Peace?' We look first into some sequestered village, lovely in situation, smiling in plenty, and we say, 'Surely this is the abode of peace!' But very soon we discover, here as elsewhere, family discord—an exacting parent or undutiful child bringing dissension and unhappiness into the home circle; or perhaps a whole family irritated by some dispute on that most unworthy subject, money. Then, unless we have lighted upon a most exceptional village, we shall find social jealousies raging hotly—each person trying, by standing upon his neighbour, to raise himself a little higher in his very little world—a trifling superiority of income, or the possession of a great-grandfather—who, if he were a wise and good man, would be heartily ashamed of his descendant—constituting a right to despise others not blessed with such transcendent advantages! Of course our village possesses a church, and, if an ordinarily developed community, one chapel, if not more. If the clergyman is what, thank God, we do often find him, he treats his Dissenting brethren with Christian courtesy; but, if a High Churchman, he very likely denounces loudly the presumption of any who would teach or administer the Sacraments unless blessed by the touch of Episcopal hands; if a Low Churchman, he extends to them a patronising toleration, more offensive, perhaps, than open enmity. And between themselves, 'Bezetha' and 'Zion' are battling over some abstruse or unimportant doctrine, earnestly believing that they are

doing God's will by anathematising all who differ in the pronunciation of their Shibboleth. In our village then, we have found dissensions—family, social, and religious. Peace reigns not here.

Take a larger population, with more scope for action, and therefore increased opportunities for quarrelling, and we shall find the same description appropriate. Add a local government, and several members of professions represented in our village only by units, and we have disputes multiplied indefinitely, and peace more distant than ever. Town against town, county against county, race against race—the story is ever the same ; jealousy, heartburnings, and open hostility among those who, as children of the same father, and bound by ties of blood, nationality and interest, should dwell in brotherly unity. We can never take up newspaper, magazine, or review without a notice of some quarrel, local or general ; some dispute—religious, ecclesiastical, or literary. This is an age of progress and activity, and we all thankfully acknowledge that the nineteenth century does not share the slumbers of its predecessor, but that in every department of science and literature false judgments are being rectified, and mistaken conclusions dispelled. But why cannot this be done peaceably? Why must we buttress opinions, strong enough to stand alone, by anathemas directed against all who differ from us? Healthy discussion is essential to the life of any principle, and the growth of any theory, and who would ask for a dead level of political or social opinions? Unity need not be uniformity, but the last lesson that seems likely to be learned is, 'to agree to differ'—to believe your opponent to be as conscientious as yourself, and, very probably, quite as much in the right.

Just now, when theological disunion has given rise to parliamentary legislation, the subject of *ecclesiastical*

peace can hardly be passed over by a member of the Church of England. It is grievous to see acrimonious disputes among any body of earnest men; but, when these men are ambassadors of the Prince of Peace, and bound by the most solemn vows to do His work only, it is sad to find them wasting precious time and strength in unbrotherly quarrels.

If Peace be not found among the religious leaders of the people, where shall we look for it? Earnest men are longing more than ever for the time

'When diverging creeds shall learn
Towards their central source to turn ;
And contending churches tire
Of the earthquake, wind and fire.
Then shall strife and clamour cease
At the still, small voice of Peace.'

If we extend our search, and look abroad, what will our report be? One country we shall find agitated by conflicting political parties—Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Republicans battling fiercely in public assemblies, and through the public press—allowing party spirit to usurp the place of patriotism, and eagerly intriguing and plotting for the extension of their respective causes.

In the great German Empire, the individual ambition of rival statesmen, and the momentous struggle between Church and State engross public attention, and, surpassing the usual dimensions of political contests, may fairly be considered as breaches of the public peace.

In Switzerland and Italy, Church and State are again the elements of discord; in Austria, the same elements are added to conflicting nationalities; while unhappy distracted Spain has been so long a stranger to 'lovely

peace,' that the most ardent believer in the prese Millennium must have his faith shaken when he loo there. Truly our dove 'has found no rest for the sole of her foot.' And yet in political retrospects of the year, we shall certainly be congratulated on the present peace of Europe !

As it is now, so it ever has been; and though the merest sketch of Ancient History is beyond the ability of the writer and the extent of her paper, a mention must be made of a few of the most prominent Nations in olden time. Though originally a race of shepherds, the Jews, in their struggle for nationality, developed unmistakeably into a warlike people. But then their mission was a peculiar one—they were appointed by God to proclaim by the sword His hatred of cruel idolatry, and though we find Peace among the temporal blessings so eagerly desired by the Jews, it is always Peace after War, and the subjugation or extermination of their enemies.

The ruling castes in Egypt were first priests and then soldiers. The most illustrious names preserved on their ancient records are the kings renowned for foreign conquests, and their greatest sculptures are of scenes before or after battle. In fact, the rise or fall of all great Eastern monarchies, ancient or modern, depended upon their success in arms ; and Assyrians, Persians, Mohammedans, and Tartars, founded their national glory upon the subjugation of weaker nations.

Every Greek was necessarily a soldier. All Greek institutions had respect to War ; and their immortal achievements in Painting, Sculpture, and Poetry, were animated by military enterprise.

The Roman was essentially the 'Son of Mars ;' and Roman Legions—their discipline and prowess have gained undying fame. In the middle ages war was a passion—

knighthly honour and lady's favour were gained by military valour—and romantic chivalry found its highest expression on the field of battle.

Modern warfare loses by comparison with any former system—the deadly perfection of artillery and rifle leads to such terrible slaughter that a single battle now costs more lives than a whole campaign in past times. One contest only does not suffice to decide a national dispute ; but, as in the American and Franco-Prussian wars, each side fights till it can fight no longer, and each encounter brings mourning and desolation into thousands of happy homes. The Spartans fought the decisive battle of Corinth with the loss of eight men ! Contrast with this the loss of life in a contest fought by Christian combatants.

Christianity is not the only Religion which inculcates mercy to foes ; but it *is* the first to prohibit the principle of War by revealing the universal brotherhood of man, and to teach that God 'hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.' Equally true is it that so-called Christian statesmen are not guided by Christian principles ; and that in the annals of every country, deceit and intrigue have reigned under the name of diplomacy.

The 'Holy Alliance,' a league entered into by the principal Sovereigns of Europe after the fall of Napoleon, is perhaps the most memorable modern attempt to 'regulate the relations of the States of Christendom by the principles of Christian charity'—memorable, alas ! for its utter failure to carry into practice the theory enumerated, for its servility to the interests of the Great Powers, and its tyrannical contempt of national rights.

There is now in England a growing repugnance to War ; and in international councils her Statesmen boldly advocate the settlement of disputes by arbitration. Is not

this worthy of our dear old country? and is not a War, such as the Franco-Prussian, a disgrace, in its hideous cruelty, to our nineteenth century civilization? But arbitration, which Señor Castelar terms 'a sublime humiliation,' has its opponents, even among *us*, and we know how loudly it has been said that England sold her honour when she submitted to it.

If we have not been able to find Peace in any individual country, may we say that it is established between nations in their relations with one another? Is not Europe now at peace? Though there may be rebellions and disputes at home, no international war is raging, and we do not hear of any struggle likely to arise. And, indeed, why should there? When the strong have gained, by dint of superior arms, all they wish for, what is left to the weak but submission to the will of the victor?

Granting that Europe *is* at peace, let us examine the standard by which that state is judged, and discover the modern ideal of international amity. Two men facing each other, afraid to fire because both are equally well armed, is a tolerably correct illustration of 'armed neutrality'—the highest diplomatic conception of Peace. Compulsory virtue is a poor thing, though better than none at all; and if France is restrained from firing on Germany only because she knows her enemy's guns are loaded, we are thankful that that knowledge preserves public concord. England, as we have said, is foremost among the nations in her desire for Peace: how does she work for its preservation? By a coast line bristling with artillery forts; by 'Woolwich Infants'; by torpedos; and by ironclads carrying guns of 35 tons—though even these are to be superseded, for we hear of a sea-monster in process of construction which is to be armed with guns of 81 tons, which will pierce twenty inches of

solid armour-plate at the distance of more than a quarter of a mile.

Is War then never justifiable? and are its results always disastrous? There is a merciful law of compensation in the world, by which good springs from evil, and the sublimest virtues from the deepest suffering. Difficulty and danger call forth wisdom, promptness, and bravery—tyranny develops patriotism and endurance; and we know that many have entered the kingdom 'out of great tribulation.' Ruskin goes so far as to say that War is 'the foundation of all the high virtues and faculties of men,' and that the idea that Peace and Virtue flourish together is wholly untenable. To quote his own startling words, 'History couples together peace and sensuality; peace and selfishness; peace and corruption; peace and death.' If this is true, can there be given a more fearful example of the proneness of men to abuse their chiefest blessings, and to pervert God's holiest gifts? If virtues develop and flourish in time of War, they can be fostered only by a *righteous* War—if we may use the expression; not one which sacrifices thousands of innocent lives to a conqueror's lust of power, or ignoble revenge; but in a struggle for freedom, for the defence of Hearth and Home, or the maintenance of religious freedom. Do not heroic deeds, animated by such motives, awaken a glow of enthusiasm in us all?

But a panegyric on martial virtues is hardly a part of our present subject.

'Peace on Earth' is God's loving purpose for us, and it is our own sin which has prevented its realization, for how can right and wrong ever be at peace?

The strong arm of the Law must uphold public order; and if, after nineteen centuries of Christianity, we are only restrained from national wrong-doing by force of

arms, they must be used till we have attained a higher civilization. War is a dreadful evil—but an unholy compact with Sin is even more deadly in its effects; and it is only *Righteousness* and *Peace* that ever can, or ever will, kiss each other.

WHO WERE THE ROSICRUCIANS?

ROSICRUCIANS is the name of a secret society of the seventeenth century, the history of which is involved in much mystery, and has given rise to grave discussion. The name is by Mosheim and others derived from *Ros*, dew, and *Crux*, the Cross, and by them connected mysteriously with the ancient science of alchemy. But this is little more than mere conjecture.

The commencement of the seventeenth century witnessed an extraordinary tendency to Mysticism both in Science and Religion; and Alchemy, Astrology, and Divination largely attracted the public interest. A remarkable impulse was given to this movement by the publication at Cassel, in 1614, of two books, which some authorities consider anonymous, while others attribute them to John Valentine Andreae of Herrenberg, in the Duchy of Würtemberg. He seems to have been a man of a mystical turn of mind, who certainly wrote several works on mystic subjects, even if those connected with the Rosicrucians cannot be inscribed with his name.

One of these books was the *Fama Fraternitatis, or Brotherhood of the Rosy Cross*, and purports to be the history of a certain holy Brother Christian Rosenkreutz (Rosy Cross), who is said to have lived in the fourteenth century. This said Christian, who was of noble birth, having been educated in a monastery, conceived a design for the reformation of the world, and after spending several years in Jerusalem and Damascus, where he was engaged in studying the science of the Arabians, and three years in

Fez, in the study of the magic of the Moors, returned to Germany, where, by the aid of seven monks, he established, in a house with the title 'Sancti Spiritus,' a fraternity which was the original brotherhood of the Rosy Cross. Having framed a system with secret symbols, they sent forth Rosenkreutz to propagate the Brotherhood, which was to be kept secret for one hundred years—the members agreeing in the meanwhile to meet once a year in the mother-house to converse on secret matters connected with their Order, and to admit new members in place of those taken away by death.

Rosenkreutz died at the age of 106, and the place of his burial was kept secret by the Brethren, who, in accordance with his desire, placed on a door of their house the inscription, 'Post cxx. annos patebo.'

In the year following the appearance of the two books we have mentioned, was published a third on the same subject. By some critics they are all considered as a serio-comic satire on the follies of the time, written by Andreæ without a thought of their serious acceptance by the public. Whatever may be the truth of this supposition, the secret of the Rosicrucians, if secret there was, has been faithfully kept.

They have been identified by some writers with the Illuminati of the eighteenth century, while others have established a connection between them and the Templars and Freemasons.

A book published in London in 1861, entitled *Curious Things of the Outside World*, would make it appear that the mysterious Brotherhood still survives.

If the object of their establishment was really the reformation of the world, we can only say, that it would be a happy thing if, in every age, there were a world-wide undying body of Rosicrucians.

SELF-ESTEEM.

IT is very difficult when writing on such an abstract quality as this to keep exactly to the subject in hand, or indeed to define what that subject is. It is *so* easy to overstep the almost invisible line which separates self-esteem from exaggerations of itself, or from other qualities which are so nearly allied that the difference seems but in name.

How soon we pass from self-esteem to self-reliance, self-respect, self-confidence, conceit and vanity ! and how hard to keep the balance between them nicely adjusted !

Very little attention is paid to such distinctions in ordinary conversation, and where one person would say, 'What a pity So-and-so has so much self-esteem !' another, meaning to express precisely the same idea, exclaims, 'How vanity has ruined his character !' Perhaps the difference may sometimes be in the amount of amiability possessed by the speakers, and their kindness of feeling towards the person criticised ; but still, in many cases, vanity and self-esteem are used as convertible terms, and to express the same thought.

'Truth lies between extremes.' This is often stated as if it were applicable to every form of Truth. Such a theory may very fairly be questioned, as indeed may most theories which facts are made to suit ; but, in this matter, when we are trying to form an accurate opinion, and gauge the true value of Self-Esteem, I think we must carefully avoid extremes (of itself), or look at them only as beacons to warn us from dangerous paths. 'There is a mean in all things. Everything must be kept within certain limits—even Virtue, if not strictly observed, ceases to be Virtue.'

We shall all acknowledge that Self-Esteem has a very prominent place in the formation of character, and is a powerful influence for good or evil. The highest and noblest faculties are those most liable to the worst abuses. Dr Guthrie says, 'The best wine makes the sourest vinegar.' Before we apply this truth to the subject before us, it will be best to state plainly what meaning we attach to this rather undefinable quality of chameleon hue, which seems to take its colour from the mind of every speaker.

We will first see what Phrenology says of it. Perhaps in this matter, too, we are on debateable ground ; but, if any credence may be given to the theories of phrenologists, it is surely here, for no attribute so plainly stamps its mark on the outer man as Self-Esteem. The bump of Self-Esteem lies at the very crown of the head—no unimportant place certainly. The value of a good position in society may then be accorded to it. We must now see what use it makes of its exalted station. We are told that it is more largely developed in men than in women, and more liable to extravagant development than any other faculty. It is 'the source of that self-complacency which enhances the pleasures of life—it gives the individual confidence in his own powers, and enables him to employ them to the best advantage. It is sometimes called proper pride, or self-respect, in which form it aids the moral sentiments in resisting temptations to vice and meanness.' When exhibited, then, in due proportion, we may look upon self-esteem as an essential quality in a well-balanced character, and an element so valuable that we may all desire to possess it. So, when speaking in this little paper of Self-Esteem, I use the word to express the *favourable* interpretation, free from its exaggerations of vanity and conceit.

Is this quality compatible with the Christian grace of Humility ? I think we may answer that it is. We often

notice in our friends the possession of two opposing characteristics, each of which prevents the other from exerting too powerful an influence. The same person may be impulsive, and yet cautious ; or, a good development of conscientiousness may preserve the balance among all other qualities.

Notwithstanding the wise sentences I have quoted about the folly of extremes, I venture to think that the finest character is one composed of opposing forces. Robertson says, 'The true Christian spirit is one of mingled loftiness and humility—of majesty and abasement ; now with the stride of a conqueror and a king—now a captive, with the foot of the conqueror on his neck.' Are not these beautiful words descriptive of that great Christian hero—the object of Robertson's profoundest admiration—St Paul ?

Perhaps more than any other quality Self-Esteem requires these counterbalancing influences.

In our relations with God it is to be unreservedly condemned—the deepest Humility alone befits the sinful creatures of a sinless Creator, but the same standard is not suitable in the dealings of those creatures with each other. 'A man all humility is as a cringing dog who fawns to everyone, and forgets the one Master.'

Homage must always be paid to true worth and goodness, but Self-Esteem or Self-Respect (using the terms as synonymous), will prevent a man from worshipping at the shrine of false gods, and paying to Mammon and Unrighteousness the allegiance he owes to Truth. Such a man owns this to be unworthy of his high endowments and glorious future, and, while recognising his own frailty, he endeavours to practise the good his soul admires, remembering always that 'unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man !'

We English are generally credited with a good share of

this proper pride, and if it is in truth a national characteristic, we may well be proud of it, but we cannot refute the charge so often brought against us, that our national Self-Esteem exceeds our merits. The greatly increased facilities for travelling of late years, and the consequent increase of intercourse with other nations, have of course tended to lessen this defect ; we no longer regard ourselves as the only people in the world, and have ceased to look with undisguised contempt upon the language, manners, habits, and work of every other land. Still there is room for improvement in this respect, and, if we look upon our own dear country as 'this precious stone set in the silver sea,' we must allow to other nations an equally exalted opinion of their own perfections. If individual Self-Esteem is necessary and valuable, so is it as a *national* characteristic, and we may consider that it has acted no unimportant part in international dealings, and done good service in its way.

I do not think I have ever seen a phrenological examination of the head of an American ; but it will hardly be uncharitable to expect a large development of Self-Esteem in the people whose avowed boast it is that they can 'whip creation.'

Napoleon III. once said, 'When France is satisfied, the world is at peace.' This was a pretty unmistakeable display of national Self-Esteem, and the mildest of critics will hardly be prepared to dispute that the Emperor only expressed the heartfelt conviction of his subjects.

The Chinese too, are a distinguished example of the excess of this faculty—perhaps more so than any other nation we could name. How hopeless it seems to convince a Chinese of any defect in his 'beloved land of tea and porcelain !' How completely, in their case, Self-Esteem

has stiffened into the excessive form of vanity! But as every national dwelling is a 'glass house' in this respect, it ill becomes us to 'throw stones.'

What is thus true of nations is equally so of individuals. A trait so valuable—so necessary, too, in a fine character—produces, our phrenological authority tells us, in extreme, 'arrogance, selfishness, disobedience and tyranny.' No experience can teach a man so afflicted, or lead him to believe that he can possibly have made a mistake; right or wrong, in success or misfortune, his own good opinion of himself remains unaltered—if successful, his own judgment and foresight have been his only aids; if unfortunate, the blame is laid on fortune, circumstances, friends—anyone or anything but himself. The very gait and gestures of the man betray his overweening vanity, and the exaggeratedly *springy* walk is a well-known index to the self-complacency of the walker.

The ignorant, stupid man is often the one who has the least suspicion of his own folly. 'A fool,' we are told, 'is wise in his own conceit'; but neither are the really learned and gifted free from this excess. As a proof of this we may cite Alexander the Great, and the recorded anecdote that 'when Darius offered him 10,000 talents to divide Asia equally with him,' he answered, 'The earth cannot bear two suns, or Asia two kings.' Parmenio, a friend of Alexander, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, 'Were I Alexander I would accept them.' 'So would I,' replied Alexander, 'if I were Parmenio.' Certainly brilliant success had justified Alexander in deeming himself unrivalled in wisdom and power, but our admiration would have been more unreservedly accorded to one who expressed with greater modesty his sense of his own merits. On the other hand, transcendent intellect and unfeigned humility are often life companions; and Socrates, Marcus

Aurelius, Newton, and Mrs Somerville are examples so well known as to require only passing allusion.

The entire *want* of Self-Esteem leads perhaps to more disastrous results than the opposite extreme—that is, the life of a person totally deficient in this attribute is more likely to be a failure. Very little good work is done in this world by those who have no confidence in or reliance on their own powers. They dread failure in a well-known task as much the twentieth as the first time, and seldom have courage to attempt anything out of the beaten track. They go through the world in a deprecating sort of way, as if apologising for the room they occupied in it ; they are always afraid of being unwelcome—of doing or saying the wrong thing ; and they never volunteer an opinion without some reservation. The outward bearing of these unfortunate people is as significant of their character as is that of the other class we have noticed. They walk with down-cast eyes, folded hands and wavering gait—they are anxious to escape observation and elude notice, and are sadly likely to end their career as ‘social failures’ or ‘poor relations,’ who eat the ‘bitter bread’ of another man’s table, and meekly accept slights and indignities which a stronger nature would resent.

A consciousness of power is often mistaken by the world for conceit. We must do justice to ourselves and the talents we possess, as well as to our neighbours ; and are sometimes better judges of our own capacities than our friends consider us, when confident of success in some undertaking for which they consider us totally unfitted. How often has this been exemplified in the lives of great men, who, in the knowledge of their own strength, have lived down raillery and opposition ! Our great and noble Wordsworth, as an example of this, springs at once to mind. He possessed in abundance the quality of Self-

Esteem, and it enabled him patiently to 'bide his time' through years of unappreciated neglect. He knew that the day would arrive when his power should be acknowledged, and his influence become well-nigh universal ; and though this influence is still a growing one, he lived to witness the realisation of his hopes. As a proof of this, he received at Oxford the honorary degree which that University bestows on great men, along with an overwhelmingly enthusiastic ovation from the under-graduates, accorded to the man they delighted to recognise as the Teacher who had 'uttered nothing base.'

Every inventor who has overcome opposition has been strengthened and supported by his own Self-Esteem. George Stephenson *knew* he could make a railway across Chat Moss, and eventually the incredulous world knew it also.

Disraeli, when his maiden speech was received by the House with derisive laughter, sat down, with the confidently defiant exclamation, 'The day is coming when you *shall* listen to me !' Who then dreamed that the young member would become a brilliant orator and successful Premier !

Perhaps no one suspected exceptional power in the young midshipman who vowed he would one day have a despatch to himself—but that middy, in days to come, was known as Lord Nelson.

What consoled Louis Napoleon, a prisoner in the grim fortress of Ham ? A knowledge that there lay in him a strength which should one day be felt, and, by atoning for the failures of Strasbourg and Boulogne, convince unbelieving Europe that Napoleonic talent was inherited by the young adventurer.

This subject is an interesting one, and well and wisely chosen. I have tried to show the value of Self-Esteem when

allied with nobler qualities, other perhaps than itself, and its fatal influence when unchecked by good principle and conscientiousness.

I think we may, while 'holding our own' with no unchristian aggressiveness, imitate the spirit of the great Apostle who, while refusing to submit to unjust tyranny, yet gave the precept, 'Let each esteem other better than himself.'

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIMES.

WALTER RALEIGH stands before us one of the most splendid figures in a noble, adventurous age. Whether we regard him as statesman or courtier, in court or camp; as Captain Raleigh in Ireland, or holding the rank of Admiral in the successful Cadiz expedition; or lastly, as leader in the brilliant adventures of the New World,—he stands pre-eminent alike in politic wisdom, skillful daring, and generous enthusiasm.

In literature, too, he gained well-earned laurels, and was distinguished, even among famous contemporaries, as poet and historian.

Such a versatile, many-sided genius seems to have been a natural product of the sixteenth century, so exceptional in its circumstances and brilliant in its results. *How* exceptional, we may judge by transferring in imagination our gallant Sir Walter to our own prosaic times, when a man considers himself fortunate if he succeed in gaining a competency by assiduous devotion to one business or profession, and seldom has time or inclination to look beyond his own immediate range of vision. Certainly we must remember that a fortune is not so readily made now-a-days in our busy, crowded little island: we cannot now reward our heroes by a grant of 12,000 acres of Irish land! and this accompanied by divers other honours and rewards.

Still, Sir Walter in the nineteenth century would be an anachronism, and an impossible 'fit' in the small niche he would be constrained to fill in our modern Temple of Fame.

Many circumstances combined to make the sixteenth

century the mother of so many brilliant sons. The Reformation, though professedly a struggle for religious freedom, had been also the means of shaking off the heavy yoke which the Church of Rome laid upon free thought and speech in literature and science. Unhappily, we cannot look upon her at any time as the friend of progress; and, when the battle had been fought and won by our 'noble army of martyrs,' the vision of the nation was dazzled by the prospect which lay open before her on every side, and she rose in the strength of youth to extend her borders, and make England an honoured name in distant, unknown lands.

Even the failings of such a time were glorious, and only those of a people who had not measured their own power. Columbus and his fellow-explorers had opened a New World for those adventurous spirits who yearned to be foremost in the discovery of fabled treasures which lay in sunny lands across the sea.

Added to this, a strong motive power proceeded from the Throne. An enthusiastic loyalty was characteristic of all Protestant Englishmen, and the cause of Elizabeth was the cause of Reformed truth in all lands: on her downfall were centred the evil hopes of Rome and Spain. Then too, she was commanded to the affection of her subjects by her motherless unhappy youth, and the indomitable Tudor spirit which was dear to Englishmen, even when brought into conflict with it.

She was young, fair, and unmarried: what more natural than the personal devotion felt by the galaxy of romantic youth which filled her Court? I say *fair* advisedly, for Elizabeth was beautiful in her youth, though it is the fashion to speak of her as if she came into the world a wrinkled old woman; and her hair was not red. I have seen the lock she gave to Sir Philip Sidney, and every hair is like a thread of gold. Notwithstanding her usual parsimony, she knew how

to honour and reward those she loved, and how to enhance the value of her favours by the tact and grace with which she bestowed them. 'Gloriana' was the fitting centre of a noble circle. What gallant names and deeds of daring spring to mind when we speak of the Elizabethan age,—famous in adventure, love, and song ! Cecil, Essex, Sidney, Spenser, Leicester, Howard, Gilbert, Hawkins, Drake, Buckhurst, and last, but not least, the hero of our little *Essay*,—are they not as familiar to us as 'household words'?

Were the grandest names in English history attracted only by a vain, heartless coquette?

Surely the woman who was served by such men,—nobly, faithfully, to old age and death,—must, with her many faults, have been at heart a true and noble woman. And all the chivalric devotion of a loyal English people was called to life by the circumstances which surrounded her. Her enemies are many and powerful at home and abroad. Young, and a woman, but Queen of a great nation, and that nation professing the Reformed Faith, she stands before Europe the champion and representative of Protestantism,—pronounced illegitimate by the Pope, and hated with a fanatical hatred by the dark-browed, evil-minded Philip of Spain.

At home the Jesuits are busily weaving plots and intrigues, sowing discord among her subjects, and calling them to rebellion and assassination, aided powerfully, all the while, by Spanish counsels and gold. Must we not honour the woman who held her own so bravely in such a time, and fought for, and with, her people, the battle of freedom and truth?

We are speaking, perhaps, more of 'the life and times' of Elizabeth than of our subject; but personal devotion to the Throne constituted so integral a portion of every Englishman's creed, that we cannot consider the life of any prominent spirit but in connection with its Queen. For her,

they worked at home, or, leaving all sweet domestic ties, fought and died in foreign lands: the glory of England was the glory of Elizabeth, and her cause, the cause of truth and of God.

It was an ardent, passionate age: 'the whole nation was in a mood of exultation; the times were the last days,—strange, terrible, and glorious. Abroad, the sky was dark and wild, yet full of fantastic splendour.'

The tyranny of Spain, which oppressed mind and body, not content with vast European territories, laid claim to the undisputed possession of the New World with all its wealth of gold and produce. Persecution and cruelty marked their dealings with conquered nations; treachery, torture, and the galleys awaited honest, fair-dealing English traders, for 'no faith need be kept with heretics, Lutheran devils, and enemies of God.'

A few years of such wrong naturally raises the question, What right have the Spaniards to such a monopoly? Why should the New World be theirs? Because God gave the whole earth to St Peter, he to his successors, and they to whom they will. Will any Englishman acknowledge this patent of possession? If so, England belongs no more to Elizabeth; for, by the same power, the Pope pronounces her deposition, and claims the disposal of her dominions. And putting aside colonized countries, such as Mexico and Peru, there are vast unknown lands which the Spaniard has never explored or even visited. What right, then, have they to say, 'The whole land is ours?' No wonder then, that wherever they meet, the Englishman and the Spaniard are sworn foes.

Under such influences was born, in 1552, one of noble Devon's noblest sons, Walter Raleigh. His father was of ancient blood, but poor; his mother, the mother also of three brave sons by her first husband, John, Humphrey, and Adrian

Gilbert,—all destined to win knighthood in time to come. The influence of his half-brothers was a happy one for the boy, for they were accomplished, high-minded men, and among the most remarkable of their time.

We hear of Raleigh first as a soldier, 'fleshing his maiden sword' in the Protestant wars on the Continent. During the Saint Bartholomew massacre he most likely took shelter with Sidney in Walsingham's house at Paris; but few records remain to us of this time. Later on he took part in the gallant struggle of the Netherlands for creed and liberty,—a struggle in which Elizabeth gave little help, and that grudgingly and unwillingly: she appeared to small advantage in her dealings with the Netherlands.

Raleigh comes next under our notice as a sailor and unsuccessful adventurer: he sailed with Humphrey Gilbert, but was soon driven home after an unfortunate encounter with the Spaniards. He afterwards spent two years in Ireland, commanding a company in that 'common-weal, or common-woe,' as he himself calls it. The well-known story of his introduction to Elizabeth is placed about this time, when he had left Ireland. It can hardly have been this romantic incident alone which commanded him to her notice, for he was now no mere adventurer, but the friend and connection of influential, public men,—Champernowne, Carew, Sidney, and Leicester. He was installed as 'favourite,' and was soon despatched on a secret diplomatic mission in connection with the Anjou marriage.

We have now come to what seems the turning point in Raleigh's life—when the question of his future profession is to be decided. We have seen him by turns soldier, sailor, and explorer—excelling in whatever he undertook. The course he followed was perhaps the most natural, if not the wisest, for a man who felt in himself the power to do many things, and do them well. Instead of concentrating

intellect and energies upon *one* pursuit, as an inferior man would have done, he busied himself in home politics and foreign adventures so brilliantly and successfully, that we can but regard with wonder and admiration his indomitable spirit.

But even *he* could not succeed in combining thoroughly the different careers of explorer and courtier, and the mistake he made in the attempt to do so was fatal to his own happiness, and one which was his misfortune through life. He felt himself capable of so much, that, though perhaps leaving his mark on more things than any man we can call to mind, he finished nothing, and left every career incomplete. Yet, in our feelings of sorrow and disappointment that the man who could do so much ended by doing no more, is mingled admiration for the brilliant genius whose failings were those of a grand nature, fostered and encouraged by the glowing, adventurous spirit of the age in which he lived.

Sir Walter Raleigh, the quiet successful follower of one pursuit, would not be the Sir Walter in whom we delight,—the terrible misfortunes of whose latter days were to be looked for in one who had outlived the noble, generous days of England's youth, and fallen upon the evil, degraded times, when meanness and cunning reigned upon the Throne in the person of that 'Snob Royal,' James the First.

Raleigh was now thirty—living an honourable, busy life: his discoveries he decided to carry on at second-hand, while living himself as a courtier at home. He had long been convinced that, between the northern latitudes to which Humphrey Gilbert sailed, and Florida, there must be a vast country with a genial climate. It would take too long to follow him in every speculation; suffice it to say that, from first to last, he spent £40,000 on expeditions to the land he

named Virginia (in honour of his Royal Mistress) whose chief town still bears his own name.

Meanwhile, his activity at home found many outlets. He had a large estate given to him in Ireland, which he managed wisely, though seldom visiting it in person: he was busy, too, as Member of Parliament, Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and possessor of more than one monopoly.

But the one fixed, paramount idea of his life was the destruction of the Spanish power, and the colonisation of America by the English. He never lost sight of that; and for years to come took part in almost every attack upon the Spaniards, while inciting others by vigorous words to do likewise.

As we might expect, his was a noble share, both in deeds and counsels, in the Great Armada, 1588; as also in the expeditions to Cadiz and the Azores, struggling all the while with Essex's jealousy and folly.

In 1592 he married Miss Throgmorton—this is a sad story. Elizabeth's wrath was righteous and severe; and when Raleigh returned from a brilliant raid against his sworn foe, bringing with him the 'Great Carack,' 1600 tons—the largest prize which had been brought into England—favourite of fortune though he was, he found himself sent to the Tower by Elizabeth's stern command. His punishment, though severe, was short. In September he was out of prison; and next spring we find him speaking in Parliament on the old topic—war with hated Spain.

Elizabeth's forgiveness was sealed by the gift of Sherborne Manor. Surely *there*, with fair wife and first-born son, his restless spirit will find happiness and repose. But the dream of his life is not forgotten, and now we hear of the fatal vision of El Dorado. Raleigh has been much blamed for his credulity in this matter; but this seems

unjust, or, at least, others should share the blame with him—for Spaniards and English alike had for years indulged in the same fairy hope, and even the wise Cecil shared in the belief. And what wonder, when in Mexico and Peru two veritable El Dorados had been discovered—while not one-fifth of the vast continent had been explored. The rumours which led Cortes and Pizarro had proved worthy of guidance—then why not those which pointed Raleigh and his followers to El Dorado? And surely it was a test of heartfelt belief in his own words when he risked life and fortune in the venture. He began prudently by sending out a Devonshire worthy to explore the Orinoco: he found the Spaniards already there, and heard the old story of Spanish cruelty, greed, and oppression.

Raleigh's spirit burned within him—he longed, with an intense longing, to attack and dispossess the enemies of his Queen and country, and soon sailed himself for Guiana—writing, when he came home, the details of his voyage. To his honour we must record that his treatment of the simple natives was just and merciful. He returned respected and beloved by Caciques and people. He made alliances with him, and attacked and destroyed the new Spanish town of San José—but beyond this the expedition was not a success; and, in his own words, he 'returned a beggar and withered'—surely a noble testimony to his uprightness and fair dealing.

It would be a task exceeding the limits of this little paper to follow minutely every step in Raleigh's varied life. During the remainder of Elizabeth's reign we find his active mind busying itself in many paths, and everywhere leaving traces of its mercy and benevolence; in the midst of all his own ambitious schemes he was a generous, unselfish friend—ever ready to exert his influence on behalf of the wronged and oppressed, and using

authority as a powerful agent for righting grievances and redressing wrongs.

For one year he was Governor of Jersey, and to this day he is gratefully remembered as a benefactor, and the founder of the Newfoundland trade. In the west country he was 'as a King,' revoking irksome taxes, and developing resources; while in Parliament he was always the champion of liberal measures.

When Tyrone's Rebellion broke out in Ireland, Raleigh was sent for, but refused the post of Lord Deputy; so the matter was entrusted to the hands of Essex, with what ill-success we all know.

And now the brightness of prosperity vanishes from the remainder of our story.

The great Queen died, and in her place reigned James I.—under whose sway there was small chance of honour for our hero. Raleigh had many enemies, and among them the powerful Cecil, who, with Henry Howard, basely slandered him to the new King. James had no sympathy with Raleigh's crusading spirit against Spain—he was too cowardly and money-loving to enter into his scheme for fitting out a fleet against the old enemy while she was weak and tottering. Ah, no! he was afraid of the sight of a drawn sword, afraid of war, afraid of Spain, afraid of Jesuit plots against his worthless life; and as for money, he had none of that to spare for his adopted country's glory.

There was no room now in England for men trained to honour and truth-telling in the Court of Elizabeth—sycophancy and time-serving must have their innings.

Our gallant Sir Walter was stripped of his honours, and brought to trial on a base, unfounded charge of treason—of plotting against the life of James, and betraying his country to Spain. Is there not something grotesque in the folly of such a charge against the man whose aim

had been the aggrandizement of England and the downfall of Spain? If, in times past, he had carried his enmity too far, this was a sore punishment. An unfair trial, with a bullying, blustering Prosecutor, could not prove, and never has proved, his guilt. The 'Cobham plot' was a dark, evil thing, but through it all Raleigh's innocence shone brightly.

Yet in December 1603, he was committed to the Tower, where he spent thirteen weary years. No wonder the noble young Prince Henry declared that 'no King but my father would keep such a bird in a cage.' His devoted wife obtained leave to share his prison with him, and this is the one bright spot in a heavy cloud of misfortunes. The next spring a grant was made of his forfeited goods to be held by trustees for the benefit of his family; but, by base chicanery, Carr, Lord Somerset, got possession of the much-loved Sherborne estate—and not all Raleigh's manly remonstrances, and his wife's earnest pleading on her knees, could wring justice from the tyrant. 'I mun ha' the land,' said James; 'I mun ha' it for Carr.' A gift of £8000 was given in requital for an estate of £5000 a year.

Much of this sad time was spent in chemical experiments and the manufacture of 'cordials'—for which we find the Queen sending as a last hope when Prince Henry was dying.

But the great work of his imprisonment was the composition of his *History of the World*. Years ago, in happier times, Spenser had called him the 'Summer's Nightingale'; but now, for the first time, men learnt what real use Walter Raleigh could make of his pen. The most valuable parts of this work are the histories of Greece and Rome—eloquence, learning, and philosophical research, such as could hardly have been expected from a soldier and sailor, pervade the pages of this great book, written, as other good

books have been, in the saddest dwelling man can inhabit on earth.

But, after thirteen years of prison, Raleigh was freed. He was then sixty-six, grey, and worn by confinement ; but the old spirit was not quenched, nor the old fire extinguished, when—encouraged by a penniless, greedy King—he organized a last expedition to the land of his hopes. Many difficulties had to be surmounted before he was allowed to sail, and he was obliged to give in writing to James a list of his ships and men, together with the name of the country, and the very river, to which he was going. Raleigh said he gave it under a solemn promise of secrecy—we are not surprised to hear that this was broken, and that, before Raleigh sailed from the Thames, the information was despatched to the King of Spain. Alas ! this venture was not more of a success than its predecessors. Raleigh has been blamed for not having told James that the country was occupied by the Spaniards ; but all England had known this since 1594. The truth seems to have been that James and his favourites knew it well enough, and allowed him to run into difficulties, the end of which they plainly saw, and were not sorry to see.

Raleigh captured a Spanish settlement on the Orinoco, but found only two bars of gold, and left behind him, among the slain, his eldest son Walter. His men mutinied ; trouble and vexation dogged his steps. The temptation to turn freebooter and enrich himself with Spanish spoils crossed his bewildered brain ; but he had promised to return,—and return he did, a broken, ruined, disappointed man.

He had shed Spanish blood ; and this was sufficient sin in the eyes of James, whose dearest wish was to appease the King of Spain, and bring about the marriage of Charles to the Infanta. What meeter sacrifice can be offered to his idol than the noblest of his subjects ?

Life now only was left, and this will soon be taken. Two months the gallant old man was kept in the Tower; then he was led out to execution on the old charge of treason, for which he had suffered so long an imprisonment.

He met Death as his life had trained us to expect—bravely, fearlessly, and with a smile. It was a peaceful release to that wearied, broken heart.

So died Sir Walter Raleigh, and in the shameful annals of James's reign, there is no blacker deed than this.

WHAT ARE INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS?

THIS is a subject on which no strictly defined rules can be laid down, and on which dogmatic assertion is out of place. Because one kind of amusement produces a bad effect upon some minds, we cannot say that it must necessarily do so in all cases. So far as a general rule can be laid down, the safest method seems to be to judge of the innocence of an amusement by the effect produced upon those who engage in it. And this will vary in almost every individual case!

Relaxation is a craving of our Nature, and, when a moderate indulgence in it tends, in the long run, to the production of better and healthier work, its necessity is established without any other argument. We are bound not only to use the talents bestowed upon us, but to use them to the best possible advantage, and this is not done without care and prudence—the most work is not done by those who do nothing else—the over-tasked mind and brain give way, and the promise of a useful and brilliant career is cut short by a defiance of the laws which Nature herself has imposed.

In our endeavour to discover the truth in this matter, our first thought is to refer to the example of our Lord. We find Him taking part in feasts and festive gatherings, apparently regardless of the character and position of the giver of the feast. He accepted proffered hospitality in the houses of Pharisees and Publicans, as well as in those of His own disciples. But it may be said that Christians in every-day life cannot take as a guide, in individual instances, the actions of our Lord in the exercise of His

special mission, and that His Work was found in house, street, and field alike. In His Parables He drew lessons from scenes of festivity, but the only positive rule He gave was an injunction to humility of conduct when present at a feast, and a stern forbiddal of the pride and self-seeking which would take 'the uppermost seat.'

We turn next to St Paul and his practical exhortations to the Early Church. We must not forget that the position of a small band of converts in the midst of a profligate pagan population was widely different from our position in the present day as members of a community professing, and all in a greater or less degree guided by the precepts of, Christianity. St Paul condemns unspareingly amusements which—from the place he assigns them in a list of gross sins—cannot have been innocent in their tendency; but he does not forbid Gentile Christians to mingle in the pleasures even of their pagan neighbours. To the Corinthians he says in his first Epistle:—'If any of them that believe not bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go'—proceeding to lay down a rule for the guidance of Christians who found themselves eating sacrificed meat at the table of a pagan.

We shall not be wrong, then, in concluding that in this matter, as in others of the same kind on which he has spoken more definitely, St Paul's maxim would be—'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.'

May his spirit of Christian Charity be ours!

Individual taste must, of course, be consulted in the subject before us. We can all see the impropriety and absurdity of compelling others to find pleasure in a pursuit because it delights ourselves.

Artistic tastes are perhaps, those which afford the keenest enjoyment to their possessors; but though we may wish that all should share in their refining, elevating in-

fluences, we cannot create the perceptions which are wanting. Music is to many the purest, truest, earthly pleasure, but the sounds which in them excite rapturous delight, are to others 'an intolerable noise.' There can never be reconciliation or unity of pursuit between these two classes—each must seek their pleasure by different paths.

Music, however, and her sister arts, are pursuits the innocence of which has never, except perhaps in Puritan times, been called in question ; but there are many amusements which are, to this day, keen matters of dispute among good people.

I do not wish to answer this question definitely, or to decide dogmatically on the innocence or otherwise of certain pleasures. I venture then to repeat what I have said before—that no better rule can be laid down than that we should judge of the fitness of an amusement for ourselves by the effect produced upon us by it : this then reduces the matter to a question which should be answered by each individual conscience before God.

There is a fatal tendency in us all to mar our holiest duties by the evil of our own natures, so there are those who destroy to themselves the innocence of a harmless pastime by the spirit in which they engage in it, and to whom a rational pleasure becomes 'an occasion of falling.' But we must not for that reason forbid to *all* what is a danger to *some*.

Amusement ceases to be innocent when, instead of holding the place of well-earned recreation, it becomes the object of a life ; when it is followed with eagerness to the exclusion of evident duties ; when it gives rise (is not this a danger too often overlooked ?) to envy, jealousy, careless and evil speaking ; and when it unfits us for daily, and maybe, wearisome tasks.

It defeats its own object too, for happiness is not to be

found by those who make the most diligent search for it—it is lost in the seeking.

We may judge, often very correctly, of character and intellect by the choice of amusements. A highly cultivated mind will not look for relaxation in a ceaseless round of dissipation, where it will find nothing congenial to itself; and we are all familiar with examples of men of genius or position who found the heartiest pleasure in a game of childish romps, or the simplest country delights.

An unspoiled, healthy nature will never be at a loss for amusement when debarred from the whirl of excitement to which some people apply the name, but will find real recreation in artistic or literary pursuits which will give it a higher tone, and fit it for 'the daily round, the common task.' Whatever produces results the reverse of these, we may surely condemn as unworthy and unchristian.

We may perhaps give as a generally suitable rule that amusements should be a complete contrast to employments—the most vigorous mind will become wearied and languid when bent always on one object, or working perpetually in the same groove. Nothing so completely clears away mental cobwebs as an entire change of occupation which calls into play a different set of faculties, and sends back the tired worker with renewed zeal and energy to the serious business of life.

The subject of this little paper is one which we should do well to consider gravely at a time when a craving for amusement seems to pervade all classes of society, and gaiety and excitement are eagerly sought by old and young. The chief object of life is to gain admittance into 'good society'—without this, existence is considered barely endurable. What then is the one undisguised pursuit of everybody in 'good society?' We might expect to hear that it was good works, or charities in which all were

willing to give a helping hand ; or, that it was the cultivation of intellect and refined tastes for the benefit of the community—either object would be worthy of our Christianity and civilisation. But the truth is, that we may be indefatigable workers in all that is pure and good ; or distinguished in any branch of Literature, Science, or Art, and yet hold ourselves completely aloof from Society. All this is entirely beside the mark. The one object of all members of Society, the one common aim, the fundamental reason of its very existence is the pursuit of pleasure—often at the expense of home duties, health and common sense. These weigh as nothing when Fashion holds the balance—amusement she decrees to be the life employment of her votaries, who forget that they must one day give an account of the precious Time so misused ; or, if they think at all on the subject, fall into a still more terrible danger, and stifle their consciences by adopting a fashionable garb of religion which is not too strict in its requirements.

Is not conscientious scrutiny on this point needful for us all, lest we fall into the same snare ?

Let us remember that it is the earnest worker who alone deserves amusement ; that it is he who can most keenly relish the innocent pleasures for which the taste is given us by 'the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.' But we shall not truthfully quote St Paul as our authority, without adding also his solemn words : 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.'

A DAY IN SARK.

WHO does not know by name, at least, this lovely little island, the most romantic of the Channel group? A few years ago, indeed, the knowledge of those who had not paid it a personal visit might have been confined to the fact learned from childish geographies, that the four principal Channel Islands were Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. No further information, at least, was imparted to *me* in my school-days; but this state of things has passed away, and no subscriber to a circulating library can plead ignorance of the wild beauties of Sark. It has proved a mine of wealth to novelists at a loss for scenes of thrilling adventure, and we are now quite familiar with the romance of the lovely runaway heroine who, mysteriously refusing to disclose her name and history, captivates the susceptible hearts of rival lovers. Then, too, we have had stories of local beauties, fascinating pictures of unconventional grace and elegance. Of course, they encounter the inevitable hero in the shape of a student who fondly imagines he has found a hermit's solitude, and who, naturally enough, falls a victim to the charms of the island *belle*; or perhaps he is the well-known *habitué* of London society, jaded and *blasé*, who has escaped unhurt from all carefully-laid matrimonial snares, to find himself caught at last on this isolated sea-girt rock.

Let no future criminal or distressed damsel fly to Sark as a 'City of Refuge;' a detective who follows with average intelligence the stream of current literature, would find his thoughts turning at once to Sark when put upon the track of a missing relative—more especially if that relative be a

lady, young and lovely, with a romantic history attached to her.

It may, then, seem presumptuous that *I*, who met neither lovely heroines nor stirring adventures during one day in Sark, should venture to record anything so commonplace as my own experiences, but there are some readers who have not been even so far favoured as myself, and may perhaps accept my simple but veracious account.

All the Channel Islands are worth a visit, not only from the tourist who, with his monthly ticket, rushes breathlessly from one to the other, returning home with a confused idea of crystal water, bold rocks, and unexpectedly beautiful bays and inlets, one being so like another to his overworked eyes that he does not remember 'which was which,'—but also from the intelligent observer, who will find much to please and gratify him if he be a lover of antiquities and quaint customs. He will, if possible, pay a visit to the shabby little Parliament House, where the Bailiff (the head of the Local Government) is surrounded by Jurats and Deputies, who deliberate in French on local interests, and speak, somewhat contemptuously, it seemed to me, of laws which might suit 'L'Angleterre,' but certainly would not do for Guernsey. The absolute powers of life and death resting in the hands of bailiff and jurats, and the good or ill effects of the old Norman land laws, will also attract the attention of our intelligent traveller; but we, at least, must not linger with him, for Guernsey is not Sark, and is perhaps too well known to possess novelty for any reader.

My brief visit was made, while staying at Guernsey, in the spring of 1873. Sark lies to the east of its more important, but not more beautiful, neighbour. The distance is about eight miles, and the view of it, with the smaller islands of Herm and Jethon, constitutes one of the special beauties of Guernsey.

I left Guernsey before ten o'clock one cloudy morning at the end of April. The day, certainly, was not favourable for my first and only visit to Sark; but it was a case of 'Hobson's Choice'; no other day was possible, and my curiosity to see the island of which I had heard so much would not have been quenched by torrents of rain. Every one prophesied a wet day, but happily every one proved to be wrong; it continued, on the whole, cold and dull, but no rain fell, and we had even a gleam of sunshine in the afternoon. Still, I cannot say that I saw the object of my visit looking its best; we had none of those lovely lights and shades on the green, transparent water, which used to be my delight during my sojourn in the Channel Islands.

We steamed past Herm and Jethon, which mark the completion of half our passage. The passage between these two islands, which lie near together, is a very dangerous one, and is never attempted but by the most experienced pilots; and a sad accident, which occurred there in the autumn of 1872, fully justifies such a caution. A steamer which was chartered by a family returning from Sark to their winter home in Guernsey, having delayed its departure till late in the afternoon, the captain, to save time, decided to make the passage. Nothing could have been more ill-judged than such a venture at five o'clock on a dark November afternoon. The result was disastrous; the steamer struck on a hidden rock, and in ten minutes had sunk for ever. Happily no lives were lost; a boat on board saved the passengers, but much valuable plate and property went down with the ill-fated little steamer.

The only harbour in Sark is the Corux, which is entered in boats through a tunnel in the cliffs. I was unfortunate in not being able to see this remarkable harbour, but the day being rough and unfavourable, the captain decided to land us on the western side of the island, in a little creek at

the foot of a frowning, precipitous cliff. To my civilized eyes, landing under such circumstances seemed an impossible feat; but I was only laughed at for my timid remonstrances, and bidden to take comfort from the fact, that a little more disobliging unpleasantness on the part of wind and waves would have driven us to the third and only other available landing-place—a rope ladder hung on the face of a cliff! This news certainly had the effect of producing in my mind something like satisfaction with existing circumstances, as I took my place with the rest of the party in the small boat which took us off the steamer, and deposited us on the slippery, seaweed-covered rocks, where the sound of the gurgling water beneath my feet did not tend to my re-assurance.

However, after a toilsome climb, we gained the summit of the cliff, where the first object which attracted our attention was a small obelisk erected to the memory of a gentleman who lost his life off the island in an attempt to cross to Guernsey on a dark stormy night. Such stories are sadly common in the Channel Islands.

The first wish in my mind when I found myself really on *terra firma*, was to see the Coupée, and thither accordingly we bent our steps. No words of mine can do justice to this picturesque spot—I can only regret that both pen and pencil are unequal to the task of reproducing the scene itself, and my feelings of delight on beholding it.

Including Great and Little Sark, the island is three miles in length—the larger part two-thirds, the smaller one-third of the whole measurement. The connecting link between what would otherwise be two islands is the Coupée, which is described by some people as a natural bridge. This seems to me an unsuitable word to apply to a solid mass of rock. I should rather call it a Causeway

—it is an isthmus of rock, or a contraction of the island to a width of a few feet.

A good road now runs from end to end of Sark, and passes over the Coupée into Little Sark. I say *now*, for until the time of the present Seigneur, there was only a path accessible to foot passengers. The Coupée is about seventy or eighty yards in length, and more than three hundred feet above high tide ; the width seven or eight feet.

The road has been lowered, so that in some places there is a slight natural protection of rock, but nothing artificial is provided, and it certainly requires a cool head to stand upon this narrow resting-place, and watch the angry sea dashing at the foot of the cliffs, three hundred feet beneath you, and leaping and foaming over the broken granite rocks which add so much to the dreary grandeur of the scene. On one side a stone would fall straight into the sea—it is a sheer precipice ; on the other the descent is a little less frightful.

We had not time to extend our ramble into Little Sark, which looked drear and barren, and, to my eyes, devoid of inhabitants ; but this, I learned, was a mistake on my part, and one likely to be highly resented by the said inhabitants, who consider themselves a very important part of the population, and regard with great contempt their fellow Islanders beyond the Coupée. No state of society is free from social jealousies, which rage as hotly here as in more extensive communities, and are infinitely amusing to outsiders, who recognise a microscopic likeness of their own experiences in wider circles.

After our inspection of the Coupée, we retraced our steps along the important high road, our object of search being the Hotel D'Icart. Turning to the right we quitted the barren high land for a pretty narrow lane, which led by a tolerably steep descent to the Hotel. The green banks and hedges, and the plentiful vegetation were very refreshing to

the eye. There is a marked difference, of course, in this respect, between the breezy downs and sheltered valleys which constitute Sark. The present Seigneur has contributed greatly to the beauty of his property by his extensive plantations, which, though still young, look vigorous and likely to prosper. The gorse, which grows freely in every situation, and shows the richest and deepest shade I ever saw, gives a lovely colouring to the otherwise monotonous grey rocks.

The tiny, but most comfortable Hotel, stands on one side of a narrow valley, the view from it being pretty, but confined. The grounds, which are tolerably extensive, are in a picturesque state of semi-cultivation. We followed a winding path which lay by the side of the hurrying active little brook which drains the valley, and pours itself into D'Icart Bay.

O that I could describe the loveliness of that miniature bay! The grand beauty of the coast scenery of Sark is allowed to exceed that of the other Channel Islands, and we were now gazing on one of its choicest gems. The bold granite cliffs; the transparent water, which fell in curling foamy waves upon the sparkling sands; the little babbling rivulet, which ended its busy career at our feet—all contributed to furnish a rich feast for eye and ear. This is the private bathing-place for those who may be fortunate enough to find themselves visitors at the Hotel D'Icart, which is a very favourite resort in summer time, when indeed the whole island becomes a watering-place, and accommodation, even in the humblest cottage, is eagerly sought.

Curiously enough, the climate is much more bracing than that of Jersey and Guernsey, which are such near neighbours, and two or three weeks in Sark are considered a complete change. Of its healthiness we may judge by the fact that there has been no resident doctor on the island for some few years. Consequently there is no sickness!

Notwithstanding the earliness of the season, we found a pleasant party of fourteen at the well-furnished, nicely served *table d'hôte* at two o'clock. One of its members was a descendant of the original Seigneur of Sark, Sir Hilary de Cartaret, to whom the patent of possession was granted by Queen Elizabeth.

After dinner a visit was proposed to the residence of the present Seigneur, who is a clergyman, and has recently bought the property with the rights and privileges pertaining thereto. The 'great house,' which, with the exception of the parsonage, is almost the only gentleman's residence on the island, is pleasantly situated on the broadest and most cultivated part of Sark. Indeed the landscape here is quite extensive, and the visitor would never imagine that the sea so closely surrounded him on all sides. The plantations of firs and other trees, with which the Seigneur has liberally adorned the neighbourhood of his house, add much to the prosperous well-to-do air of the whole scene.

The dwelling itself is a pretty country house, irregular in architecture, having been enlarged at different times by owners of varied tastes. It lies rather low, and resembles in situation the little Hotel, the grounds extending in much the same fashion of natural wildness on one side of a narrow valley. There is, however, more method in their arrangement, which is really artistic, and has preserved, while slightly modifying, the luxuriance of the groves and thickets.

While we are resting on a rustic seat in the grounds of the Seigneurie, I will try to tell what little I know of the manners and customs of this independent self-contained little community.

Sark is three miles in length, and one and a half in breadth at the widest part. It contains about 1600 acres, of which fully one-third is precipitous cliff. There is no town, village, or trade of any sort. The population is 580,

and, in such circumstances, one would not be surprised to hear of poverty and distress among the inhabitants, at least during the winter months. But the truth is that there is neither poverty nor pauperism : 'The houses are comfortable, some of them substantial and handsome ; the people are independent and happy, many wealthy and possessing money in the Funds.'

This is from a local politician, who ascribes all these blessings to the Norman land laws, which are still the basis of the administration of the island. We must leave the *cause* to wise heads to settle, and confine ourselves to *results*. Small tenancies, says this same politician, are the greatest boon possessed by Sark—the Seigneur being obliged by the terms of his Patent to retain at least forty tenants on his 1600 acres.

The Seigneur, as we may gather from this, is a person of much importance in his little domain, and is indeed invested with autocratic power. He and his forty tenants conduct the administrative government of the island. This notable band of forty are not the only tenants, but the original number required by the Patent of Elizabeth, and are termed 'Louagers.'

Many houses have been erected of late years, but I heard that no more were in contemplation—the Seigneur considering that the present number of inhabitants fully taxes the resources of the island, and being determined to run no risk of pauperism. Emigration, then, is the only resource when numbers increase.

Agriculture and fishing are the only pursuits followed : the granite of which the island is composed is not a good kind, and is in no demand for commercial purposes. Sark is, therefore, no rival to Guernsey in her most lucrative exportation of the hard blue granite so extensively used in London streets. Hope was excited at one time by the dis-

covery of a vein of gold, the working of which was expected to bring wealth to the islanders; but the mines are now abandoned. They were constantly flooded by sea water, and no means tried proved successful in repulsing the invader.

In recounting the disadvantages of Sark, we must not forget its isolation, and the difficulty of conveying produce to market and of procuring anything required. To quote our authority: 'Manufactures, hardware, timber, coals, bricks, tools, everything, has to be purchased and brought from Guernsey and Jersey.'

And yet the property, real and personal, is assessed to the amount of £4900 a year, representing a capital of £122,500! When, added to this, we remember that within the last few years £9000 has been spent by the spirited islanders on the harbour (which alas! I did not see) we must concede that, if all this wealth and prosperity is the result of the peculiar feudal laws, we should all be glad to see them extended to other islands in Her Majesty's dominions.

Ecclesiastically, the arrangements are simple, but in one respect unique. Sark is a parish in the Deanery of Guernsey and Diocese of Winchester, with, of course, a resident clergyman. The arrangement which I designated as unique is, that the Seigneur, who is in Holy Orders, is also Colonel of the Sark Militia (whose gallantry must not be judged by their numbers), and allowed by the Bishop to wear the uniform of his regiment on necessary occasions. No other English clergyman holds such a position.

Our little steamer is to return for us at half-past four, so we must quit our pleasant retreat, which fact is not altogether a misfortune, as I have no longer an excuse to remain there, having retailed all my small stock of information.

My description of the beauties of Sark has been, I painfully feel, feeble and necessarily imperfect, as the time allotted for my hurried visit did not admit of an inspection of any of the lovely caves with their gorgeous treasures of zoophytes which are so numerous on the bold, rocky coast ; or of any other bay than that of D'Icart, which is the only one to be reached by so gradual a descent. The reader must bear in mind that Sark does not slope gradually to the water's edge, but is a bold rock rising directly out of the sea ; therefore as a visit to any cave would have involved a precipitous descent of 300 feet, then a wearisome retracing of every downward step in order to make another descent to our landing-place, it will easily be seen that, small as the island is, one day is by no means sufficient for the exploration of all its charming haunts.

Leaving the Seigneurie grounds, we soon pass the simple unpretending church, contenting ourselves with a glance at the exterior only. It is evidently the object of reverent attention, the surroundings being in perfect order, and the avenue of trees by which it is approached carefully tended.

A pleasant walk on the edge of the cliffs brings us again to the creek where our good little friend, the steamer, patiently awaits us. When we have reached her our day's work will be ended, and surely those who have accomplished the morning's ascent will make no difficulty of the return journey. This is by no means so easy as it appears ; however, along the gravel walk our progress is easy enough, and my agility is equal to the scrambling and jumping from rock to rock so long as we are above high water mark. But when below *that* and when a false step would involve consequences more serious than agreeable, my courage fails and I stand fairly aghast, flatly refusing to proceed. This was awkward, I must confess ; and the only excuse I could offer was that as I was a Christian, and not a goat, I

really could not help it! One of the good-natured sailors waiting below for us in the boat, came to the rescue, and by his aid the difficulty was overcome. But for this assistance I should probably still have been a dweller in Sark, for no better reason than that I could not get away. I feel inclined to sympathise with, rather than laugh at the Lords of the Admiralty who, in one of their cruises a few summers ago, were obliged to abandon their intention of paying a visit to Sark, because, notwithstanding their anxious search, they could not discover a landing-place!

Once safely in the little boat, and conveyed by it to the steamer, I was able to enjoy the lovely combination of sea and rock before me. Within almost a few yards of the island lies a bold detached rock known as L'Ile des Marchands. Acceding to the request of a gentleman of the party, the captain agreed to run us through the passage, and through accordingly we went, at a tremendous speed, the current sweeping like a mill-stream.

The story is, that during the French wars at the beginning of the century, an English vessel was chased by a French man-of-war, and effected her escape by making this passage, the width of which just enabled her to clear Sark on the one side, and L'Ile des Marchands on the other. Her enemy dared not follow, and with no pleasant feelings must have watched the escape of her prize.

Tide and wind are favourable; in three quarters of an hour we shall steam into the harbour of St Peter Port, Guernsey, and as the distance increases, and the bold coast outline fades from view, with reluctance and regret I bid farewell to Sark.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

IT is difficult to arrive at a true estimate of the character of any man who took so decided a course as William Wallace. To his own nation, for whom he fought and died, he is, of course, a matchless Hero—prudent, brave and patriotic, to whose actions in life, and influence after death, Scotland owed its freedom. On the other hand, the panegyrists of Edward I., his pitiless foe, accuse Wallace of violence, cruelty, and ambition. Our difficulty is increased by the fact that his life has not been given to us by any contemporary historian. ‘*Fordun, the earliest of his countrymen from whom we have any account of him, was his junior by nearly a century; and Wynton, the next authority, is still later.*’ Henry the Minstrel, whose poem is the chief authority of popular Scottish histories, is supposed to have lived nearly two centuries after his Hero, and a work which professes itself to be as much fiction as history is not a very trustworthy foundation for a biography.

A popular Hero is certain to be deified by admiring countrymen, and doubtful legends, as years went on, gathered round the name of the noble Scot. The fullest *modern* account of him is that of Mr Tytler, and it is satisfactory to know that a writer so calm and impartial as Mr Hill Burton, confirms, in his *History of Scotland*, the most favourable estimate of Wallace’s character; so that, amid conflicting statements, we are not without good authority when we cordially accept the glowing portrait of the Scottish Hero so dear to us all in childish days.

The early years of Wallace are wrapped in obscurity—

even the date and place of his birth are uncertain ; but we know that he was the younger son of Sir Malcolm Wallace, and it is *probable* that he was born near Paisley about 1270. Nothing certain is known of his education, and until 1297 his history is entirely legendary. Henry the Minstrel, however, gives details of his education and subsequent exploits, and particular spots in nearly every part of Scotland are still famous for some deed of Wallace, but the town and neighbourhood of Ayr are given by this doubtful authority as the scene of his most remarkable feats of valour.

In authentic history he first appears as the chief of a band of insurgents against Edward. His many gifts of mind and person eminently fitted him for the post of leader : he possessed great personal strength ; his face is described by one of his biographers as 'exquisitely beautiful, his eye commanding and bright' ; eloquence, sagacity, and high mental powers increased his influence ; while, added to all, was his burning hatred, fomented by private as well as public wrongs, of the English oppressors of his country.

To the two great Plantagenets, Edward I. and Edward III., attaches the evil fame of the most unjust and unwarrantable conquests in English history. Taking advantage of his superior power, of his influence over the Norman Barons, who were foremost among the Scottish nobility, and of the position of Umpire to which he had been chosen by the various competitors for the Crown on the death of the infant Margaret in 1290, Edward I. gained possession of all the fortified places in Scotland, and, deposing John Baliol, attempted to govern in his own absolute right. The injustice of this claim, and the cruelty with which it was enforced, roused the indignation and opposition of all classes except the higher nobles, and now began the War

of Independence which resulted, eventually, in the freedom of Scotland from foreign rule.

In this struggle Wallace took a leading part, and in 1297 it became general. Up to this date he had only been the chief of a guerilla band, which probably aided materially in producing the larger insurrection; his gallantry had attracted to his standard many noble patriots, and the accounts of 1297 represent Wallace in command of a considerable force, and in association with many of the most illustrious persons in the kingdom, Stewart of Scotland, Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, Sir William Douglas, etc.

This Confederacy was ill-cemented, and soon fell to pieces: when Edward's troops appeared to quell the revolt the leaders of the Scottish army threw off the authority of Wallace their nominal chief, and the result of their cowardly indecision was the conclusion of a Treaty on July 9th, by which they acknowledged Edward as their sovereign lord.

This Treaty, which was in French, contains the first mention made of Wallace in a public document, and in it he is spoken of as 'Sir Willaume,' showing he had then obtained the honour of knighthood, which had probably been bestowed upon him (according to the custom of the times) by one of his companions in arms after his elevation from the Chieftainship of a band of outlaws to be Commander-in-chief of the national forces.

After the signing of this Treaty of Irvine, which Wallace refused to acknowledge, he retired to the North, carrying with him a large body of adherents which increased so rapidly that he was soon able to commence aggressive operations. The English army, under the command of the Earl of Surrey, advanced to check decisively and, as was thought, finally, the daring successful leader; but near

Stirling they were attacked by the Scots, and suffered a total defeat. This victory, for the moment, liberated Scotland ; and might have freed her from the yoke of Edward had advantage been taken of it. Wallace was now looked upon as the saviour of his country, and was awarded, by the nobles who adhered to him, the dignity of Guardian or Regent of Scotland, which office he held in loyal allegiance to the exiled Baliol, his lawful sovereign. The English were panic-struck after their defeat, and were driven from every place of strength in the country, including Berwick. Availing himself of the favourable opportunity, Wallace crossed the Border and ravaged Cumberland and Northumberland without opposition—as far as Newcastle he wasted the country from sea to sea with fire and sword. But the power of the Regent was short-lived : he had to contend with the jealousy and dissensions of his own allies, and the opposition of the unworthy nobles who ranged themselves on the side of Edward. Wallace's strength lay in the yeomanry and peasantry, who were forced to follow, against their convictions, their feudal lords.

On hearing of the defeat of his troops, the English King marched into Scotland at the head of a powerful army, and at Falkirk on July 22d 1298 the Scots, after a gallant resistance, were defeated with immense slaughter ; and Wallace resigned, or as some accounts say, was deprived of his supreme power.

With this event ended his short and brilliant public career, and the obscurity of the remainder of his life is almost as great as that which covers his early years. Legendary histories continue to detail his desultory warfare and deeds of prowess, performed in harassing the enemy. He is said at this time to have paid two visits to France ; but this is doubtful, though we know that his heroism and valour were sung by the Troubadors of that country.

Wallace is accused by his detractors of having aspired to the sovereignty of his country, and it is even said that Edward offered him the Crown in the hope of winning him over; but he nobly preferred to live and die a patriot rather than hold a kingdom in fief to a foreign master.

Of the melancholy close of our Hero's life we have more detailed and trustworthy information. When the Scottish leaders were forced to submit to Edward in 1304, Wallace was excepted by name from any share in the King's clemency; if he chose to surrender he might do so, but it was to be without conditions—‘qu'il se mette en la volonté et en la grace de nostre Seigneur le Roy, si'l lui semble qu'il bon soit.’ Efforts were made to discover his retreat and secure his person, which were for some time unsuccessful; and his capture was effected at last by the treachery of his own countrymen, the odium of the base act lying popularly upon Sir John Menteith. He was seized and conveyed to London in 1305, where he underwent the mockery of a trial for treason—a baseless and cruel charge from which he justly defended himself by the assertion that he was no vassal or subject of Edward's, having never taken the oaths of fealty which were so lightly made and recklessly broken by many Scottish nobles.

His plea was of no avail: he was found guilty, and condemned to the cruel death inflicted in those days upon traitors; on August 23d he was hanged, drawn, and quartered. This unjust sentence is a lasting stain on Edward's fame, and utterly unworthy of a generous foe. The memory of Wallace lives, and ever will live, in the hearts of his countrymen; and it is worthy of so lasting a shrine. The accusation of cruelty so often made against him he shares in common with every warrior in a cruel and violent age. The rapacity of his troops on their invasion of the Northern counties is undeniable, but it is also true that their leader did what

he could to check it. He was brave, disinterested, and unselfish—fighting and dying for the cause of his beloved country ; and he has lived for centuries in history, crowned with the noble name of Patriot.

‘ He fought for Scotland ; left the name
Of Wallace to be found, like a wild flower,
All over his dear country ; left the deeds
Of Wallace, like a family of ghosts,
To people the steep rocks and river banks,
Her natural sanctuaries, with a local soul
Of independence and stern liberty.’

WHAT IS VIRTUE?

VIRTUE means literally, manliness, power, and is so used in Luke vi. 19 'there went *virtue* out of Him,' and in other passages.

This meaning has disappeared, and been forgotten in modern days. We now use the word to denote moral excellence, or purity—the more restrictedly moral strength and soldier-like bearing of the Christian, as in 2 Peter i. 5.

Frequently we apply it to any particular quality which excites our admiration ; but it is, I suppose, its *general* meaning which we are called upon in this Essay to define.

Looking for a definition or description of Virtue in the Old Testament, we turn at once to David's lofty ideal of the man 'that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness,' in Ps. xvi. Can any words exceed these in simple concise beauty ?

It is sufficient only to refer to the Book of Proverbs, that collection of 'precepts of Virtue,' as bearing upon this subject : we might transcribe the whole book in the endeavour to do justice to its moral teaching.

But pure and beautiful as are the commands and precepts of the Old Testament, it is in the *New* that we reach the sublime height of *Christian* virtue, and find the noblest moral code ever revealed to man. But our belief in Christianity does not rest solely on its morality.

God 'left not Himself without witness' in other religions. The morality of the Buddhists and Parsees excites our warmest admiration ; and our admiration is not unmixed with wonder when we read the exalted maxims of the Stoicks.

And, to do full justice to those philosophers, we must remember that they had not, like us, the hope of future glory and the eternal reward which God has promised to them that love Him. The idea of the immortality of the soul was one they could hardly grasp—certainly not with sufficient firmness to make it a motive for action. They looked forward but to 'the joyless asphodel meadow,' at best or dreaded 'drear Cocytus with its languid stream.'

Yet the lives and teaching of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius are exceeded only in beauty by those of the Apostles themselves. The love of Virtue for its own sake, irrespective of contumely and reproach in this world, or reward in the next, was the guiding principle of all their actions.

If such, then, was the teaching of ancient philosophy, what constitutes the superiority of Christian virtue?

Christianity and moral philosophy are totally different things, and yet both profess to have the same object—the moral improvement of mankind, or, in other words, the cultivation of Virtue. Men who had never heard of our Lord or His Apostles, or, if they did hear, scorned and persecuted them, have left us the noblest examples of justice, truth, forgiveness of injuries, and purity of thought—virtues which we are apt to look upon as distinctively Christian. In what then did the moral teaching of the Sermon on the Mount differ from that of Socrates and Epictetus? The difference, the immeasurable difference, lies in the motive, and, above all, the Teacher.

There are two ways of creating virtuous impulses in the heart of man—by philosophical reasoning, or Living Example.

The one teaching, noble as it was, is forgotten, dead ; the other is imperishable, immortal.

Can we take a finer illustration of the former than Socrates?

No heathen teacher had more influence over his pupils, or used it to higher ends. But what was the most he could do? Issue precepts which a few might obey, but which had no effect upon the lives of the many who passed by the philosopher who could not teach 'as one having authority.'

Only the '*élite* of humanity' were attracted to one so much above his fellow-citizens, and who had, therefore, practically no effect upon the masses.

'Philosophy undertakes to explain what is right to do, while Christianity undertakes to make men disposed to do it.' The influence of Socrates was an 'intellectual influence upon thought—that of Christ a personal influence upon feeling.'

Christ taught by Living Example; by His divine life; by Divine Authority. He unites all men in a common relationship to Himself, and therefore to one another, and makes that relationship the mainspring of their lives.

'The ancient philosophers were accustomed to inquire about Virtue, whether it can be taught. Yes! it can be taught, and in this way.'

Only our great Teacher can say, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments': only He can say, 'This is My commandment, *That ye love one another, as I have loved you.*'

Here is the root and ground of Christian Virtue which grows and blossoms into 'the fruits of the Spirit.' This is the result of personal devotion to our Divine Master—of 'the ardent, passionate, devoted state of mind' which He Himself declared to be the root of Virtue.

'It is the essence of morality to place a restraint upon natural desires, so that we refrain from doing that which we have a natural desire to do.' But Christ demands of us more than this, and *prohibits* evil desires, as well as wrong acts, and commands that they should be replaced by the 'enthusiasm of Virtue within the soul.'

This higher form of goodness, though of course it had existed among heathen nations, had never been so distinguished from the lower, as to receive a separate name.

The early Christians were unwilling to give to the enthusiastic goodness at which they aimed the name of *Virtue*, which described the kind they were commanded to exceed.

Believing that all right feeling was an inspiration from God, they took a word for which our equivalent is *holy*; so while a virtuous man is one who keeps unlawful desires under control—a Christian man, inspired by the Holy Spirit—in other words, a holy man—is one who feels no such desires, in whose mind there is no struggle, and to whom the lawful action seems the one most natural and easy to be done. This seems the difference between philosophic and Christian Virtue, which is well worked out in the little book from which I have made the above quotations.

TROUBLES, REAL AND SENTIMENTAL.

AS I am called upon to define a real trouble, I will give, in illustration, as a very real one to *me*, the composition of this paper: the subject chosen has troubled me greatly, and I am much puzzled as to the treatment of it.

We seem to have gone over so nearly the same ground lately in answer to 'December' 'On the use of Difficulties,' that is, so far as the serious side of the question is concerned; for the lessons to be learned from the right endurance of troubles and difficulties are nearly allied.

I venture to indulge the hope that my critic will not consider my grievance a sentimental one.

We may regard as *real* troubles those sent unmistakably by our Heavenly Father, such as sickness and bereavement; in which we cannot choose but see His chastising Hand. It is sad and earnest teaching, and the kindest sympathy of friends seems unable to reach us at such a time—our nearest and dearest can only stand afar off and pray that He who has sent the blow will pour in the balm of His heavenly consolation.

Human sympathy is very precious in time of trouble, but it falls very far short of all we need: we are so apt to think that no one has ever suffered so keenly as we have, or been so greatly tried; and therefore that no one can fully enter into our grief.

We must not forget this tendency of the mind when we try to discover what is the *greatest* trouble that can be endured in life. The answers of all would be in accordance with their own individual experience. Many would say—

bereavement—the loss of a husband in the prime of strength and manhood, when perhaps his death entails poverty on the sorrowing family: this is a hard world for the helpless and unprotected, and we cannot wonder if many should declare that no grief can equal this in intensity. Others would say that, as a mother's love is the purest and most unselfish on earth, so the removal of a child in the bloom of early promise is the keenest blow that can be dealt.

But in all such cases the same principle will hold good: we try to make our own standard the rule of all measurement, and consider that the trouble we know by sad experience cannot be equalled by any other. The loss of husband or wife, the faithful loving companion of daily life; of father or mother, the guide and counsellor of early youth; of brother or sister, with whom are connected our hopes and aspirations for the future; of an idolized child, who makes the light and sunshine of a home—who will venture to define in hard fixed lines the varying shades of such deep sorrows?

Bereavement is a grievous trouble—*how* grievous none can know whose pathway has not been overshadowed by it. The loss of wealth, fame, and position seems to the losers of them well-nigh impossible to bear—but surely the loss of one, or of all these together, must weigh light in the balance when, on the other side, we place treachery, deceit, or ingratitude from those we love. Trials of the affections, in whatever shape, we should all agree in considering the most grievous of this world's sorrows, and deliberate wounds dealt to us by cherished friends must be the keenest wounds the human heart can feel. But I suppose there are people whose affections are not keen enough to experience this, whose predominant instincts are those of pride and self-interest, and that therefore I am not quite accurate in saying that we should *all* agree on this point.

Perhaps we shall find these instincts more frequently among men than women, though I must not be supposed to be so presuming as to give this as an invariable rule; but, generally speaking, we may say the affections of women are keener and deeper than those of men. I will explain what I mean by a reference to the saddest sight this world can show, that of a suicide.

What are the causes which have led to this wilful taking away of God-given life? Sometimes the loss of a beloved relative will tempt a man to the commission of this sin—but is it not more commonly loss of fortune or name, or the dread of facing among fellow-men misfortune or degradation?

Do we ever find women committing suicide from mortified pride, and disappointed hopes of worldly advancement? If we do, the case is a most exceptional one. Women generally do not feel these things so intensely as men. With them, the affections are more developed and all-absorbing; they have no interests of public life to divert them; therefore trials of the affections are the hardest they are called upon to bear. In insanity too, the same rule will, on the whole, be found applicable.

Troubles of out-door life, professional and business troubles, more frequently produce this terrible effect in men, than wounded affections.

Of all trials, then, we may be allowed to place as the bitterest, those of betrayed love and friendship. The loss of a friend in life must, indeed, be harder to bear than the loss of the same friend by death. May we not say that our Blessed Lord felt this pang as He said, 'One of you shall betray Me'?

If, then, the blessing of true and loving friends be granted to us, let us look upon all other earthly troubles as light in comparison. What is the loss of rank, money, pleasures,

and health, grievous as these things are, when our dear ones are spared to us, and their love cheers our home?

If only those opinions learned by personal experience are worth having, it will not be an easy task to find a valuable definition of *sentimental* troubles; for who will acknowledge that their own troubles are sentimental? They are very real to the poor sufferer, though perhaps causing more amusement than anything else to the bystanders.

What are sentimental troubles?

Those of feeling, I suppose—often undisciplined, uncontrolled feeling; troubles which we make for ourselves, and which would vanish after a course of wise treatment in the form of self-control and common sense.

Young ladies are usually supposed to be the victims of these woes, and little sympathy is accorded to them under such circumstances. They are often the result of idleness, and of an uncultivated mind fed only with unwholesome food, and disappear when the need arises for vigorous action. At least it is so in some cases, where good principle eventually overcomes the consequences of bad education; but in others, the evil seems never to be eradicated, and sentimental girls develope into still more sentimental elderly women,—a deplorable consummation indeed.

Sentimentality may perhaps be defined as a state of diseased feeling which can never be the product of a healthy well-regulated mind. Sentimental troubles, then, are those of unhealthy-minded people who allow undisciplined feeling to take the place of principle and duty.

Troubles of the imagination are not imaginary to those afflicted with them. As an example of this, let us take the case of suspicious persons whose lives are rendered unmistakably miserable by unworthy thoughts of those around them. Such people are always being overlooked, misunderstood, unappreciated; their relations are more unsympathis-

ing, their friends more untrue than those of others. They are always meeting intentional affronts and insults ; the whole world seems combined to do them injury and injustice. They go through life with the best intentions, and yet succeed in making themselves thoroughly disliked by this constant display of morbid diseased feeling. These are what I may be allowed to call *real* imaginary troubles ; they are far less unworthy than the purely imaginary woes with which some other people indulge themselves—yes ! actually *indulge*.

They would be thoroughly wretched if they had not a pet grievance, and would consider themselves ill-used if the luxury were denied them. We cannot annoy them more seriously than by well-meant efforts to prove that their troubles are non-existent.

Can we not all call to mind some imaginary invalids who would find no pleasure in life if they were not allowed to consider their bodily ailments the most unprecedented ever recorded in medical annals ?

What a pitiable state ! we are ready to exclaim. Surely *we*, at least, are free from all taint of these evils.

Hardly so, unless we strive to forget our own griefs in the endeavour to soothe and alleviate those around us—to soften care and sickness by tender help and sympathy, and to 'visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction.'

We shall not have time for sentimental troubles of our own, while engaged in the Christ-like mission of relieving the *real* troubles of others.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

NO more tragic historical figure could have been selected for our contemplation than the lovely and hapless Marie Antoinette. Hers is one of those characters which it is hard to judge impartially. How can we, in the face of such unexampled sorrow, remember the youthful folly and levity which increased, and even may have been the cause of it !

‘ Is there a man’s heart that thinks without pity of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy ; of thy birth, self-cradled in imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of Heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour ; and then of thy death, or hundred deaths, to which the guillotine and Fouquier Tinville’s judgment-bar was but the merciful end ! Look there, O man born of woman ! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is grey with care ; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping as of one living in death.’—(*Carlyle.*)

When we think of her youth, her natural generosity, her difficulties and misfortunes, let our judgment be merciful, and tender pity take the place of censure.

Marie Antoinette de Lorraine, youngest daughter of Francis de Lorraine and the celebrated Maria Theresa, was born at Vienna on the 2d of November 1755, the day of the earthquake at Lisbon. Though she was not superstitious, she seems to have regarded this catastrophe on the day of her birth as an evil omen. In later times Marie was fond of talking of the days of her youth. Her father seems to have held the first place in her affections, and she

felt his loss deeply, though he died when she was only seven years old. Her mother, the great Empress, was regarded by her children with more of fear than of love, and indeed was almost a stranger to them.

Marie endeavoured, in the education of her children, to avoid the faults of her own early training. Maria Theresa was too much occupied with weighty affairs of State to superintend personally the arrangements of the schoolroom, and the consequences of the absence of maternal supervision were disastrous. The chief governesses, fearing no inspection from the Empress, failed miserably in their duties; and when Marie Antoinette quitted her mother's Court for her new home, she was almost totally uneducated. Her abilities were good, and her power of acquiring knowledge very great; and if her instructors had been faithful to their trust, we should not have had to record that, on her marriage, all that related to the *belles lettres*, and particularly to history, even that of her own country, was almost entirely unknown to her. In music, too, she was most deficient, her knowledge of this art having been acquired during her residence in France, not in Vienna. She spoke French fluently and correctly, but wrote it imperfectly. Thanks to the conscientious instructions of Metastasio, who taught her Italian, she spoke that language with grace and ease, and translated the most difficult poets. Such is the account given of the attainments of Marie Antoinette by her lady-in-waiting, Madame Campan, who has written her private memoirs.

At the age of fourteen she was betrothed to Louis XVI., at that time Dauphin of France, and grandson of the reigning monarch Louis XV.; and in the year following, 1770, the marriage took place. From her first introduction to the French Court, Fortune seems to have been against the fair young Bride, whose surrounding influences were

most adverse to her welfare. Poor child ! Who shall not pity her, taken in early girlhood from home and friends, and united to a husband who, for years, was indifferent to her, and who, instead of watching over his young wife with the tenderest care in that wicked Court, left her, in her youth and inexperience, exposed to the unfounded slanders of evil-minded courtiers. There was a strong party in the country opposed to the Austrian alliance. Louis XV. welcomed the young Archduchess warmly, and was never weary of praising her grace and beauty ; but Madame Adelaide, his eldest daughter, was, at no time, friendly to her niece, and the Duc de Choiseul, by whom the marriage was brought about, having fallen into disgrace six months after it took place, the opposition party were left in power to increase the difficulties of Marie's difficult position by their malicious pleasure in magnifying the failings of the Dauphiness, who was not of their choice. It seems to have been her unhappy lot through life to have been unfortunate in her choice of friends and admirers. Much of her future unpopularity might have been avoided if, in those early days of gaiety, some wise, judicious friend had warned Marie that amusements which might have been harmless in anyone else, were unsuited to one in her position, and would not bear 'the fierce light which beats upon a Throne.' The frank young Austrian, accustomed to the quiet simplicity of her mother's Court, could not be brought to see the paramount importance of French etiquette ; and the constant, injudicious remonstrances of her chief attendant, the Countess de Noailles, wearied and disgusted her. This disregard for appearances was fatal to her reputation as Queen ; and such trifles as her having playfully christened the Countess 'Madame l'Etiquette' were taken up seriously by Court and populace, and remembered against her in the unhappy days to come. Her girlish love for gaiety of all kinds,—*fêtes*,

banquets, masked balls, and private theatricals in her beloved retreat, the little Trianon,—was cruelly misrepresented by her enemies, and made the occasion for the circulation of the most scandalous libels, too foul and gross to be mentioned here, not one of which has ever been proved. As a wife and mother she was irreproachable, delighting in domestic simplicity and the society of her husband and children. Madame Campan warmly denies the charge of extravagance so often brought against her, and says that her failing was rather that of parsimony; that in times of distress she practised the most rigorous economy, and spent the savings of her privy purse in alleviating the sufferings of the poor in Paris and Versailles—this was specially the case in the severe winter of 1783-4, when she distributed between 500,000 and 600,000 francs in charity. The prudent management of her income, which enabled her to make investments from it, gave rise to the unjust accusations made against her throughout the country of having drawn money from the public treasury. Madame Campan says that this was never at any time true. I will here quote her own tribute of respectful affection for her Royal Mistress:—‘Never have I found, in any class or age, a woman of so fascinating a character as Marie Antoinette, one who, notwithstanding the dazzling splendour of royalty, retained such tenderness of heart; who, under the pressure of her own misfortunes, showed more sensibility to the woes of others. I never saw one so heroic in danger, so eloquent when occasion required, so unreservedly gay in prosperity.’ Nothing strikes the reader of Madame Campan’s *Memoirs* more forcibly than the statement, that the sins and follies with which the Queen was charged were those of which she was least guilty.

In 1774 Louis XV. died, and Louis XVI. ascended the throne; ‘a young, still docile, well-intentioned King; a young, beautiful and bountiful, well-intentioned Queen,’ says Carlyle.

To what, then, must we attribute the misfortunes of their reign? Alas! never was a sadder exemplification of the truth that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Years of wicked extravagance and misrule in high places had brought the nation to the verge of bankruptcy, and reduced the finances to inextricable confusion; and oppressive taxation, and the cruel thoughtlessness of the upper classes, had goaded a long-suffering people to madness. Louis XV., when told of the ruin of the country, and the misery and discontent of the people, only remarked, that the monarchy would last as long as his life. And after that? *Cela n'importe!*

The country needed the guidance of the firmest and wisest of rulers, and, with the best intentions, Louis was vacillating and weak in character and judgment. Never was a man more unsuited for his position. In private life he might have been honoured and respected; but the man who could amuse himself with carpentering and lockmaking when his country was undergoing the agonies of a Revolution was no fit occupant for the Throne of France. We who look back with the light of History thrown upon their lives, can wonder at the infatuation of Louis, and the blindness of Marie Antoinette who danced and sang for very merriment and light-heartedness on the edge of the volcano; but unhappily she could not be made to realize the actual misery of France, and her thoughtless gaiety (during the *earlier years* of her married life) in the midst of a starving people is bitterly to be regretted.

But in the first days of the new reign all looked fair and bright. Marie was well received in public; she had succeeded in gaining the love of her husband, and, to complete her happiness, was mother of an heir to the Crown.

From the peace of 1783 to 1785 was the happiest and most peaceful time of the reign of Louis; but even then

wicked libels were circulated against her, and she was accused of being in league with the enemies of France, and of a desire to sacrifice the interests of her adopted country. All unpopular appointments were attributed to her influence, and the odium incurred by unfortunate or wicked ministers was fully shared by the Queen. This was so in the case of Calonne, who was in 1783 appointed Comptroller-General of the distracted finances, and found money for a time by *borrowing*, greatly to the indignation of the people. The popular belief being that he was the Minister of the Queen's choice, his reckless expenditure was connected with her supposed extravagance, and her unpopularity was greatly increased. According to Madame Campan, Marie was greatly opposed to the appointment of Calonne, and refused to have any dealings with him,—even going so far as to decline a grant of money for charitable purposes, because it passed through his hands.

By this time the Queen's eyes seem to have been opened to the dangers and difficulties which so thickly surrounded her, and we hear more of her influence in public affairs. She also spoke bitterly of her own youthful levity, and deplored her disregard of appearances. Madame Campan states that she had no direct influence upon State affairs till after the deaths of M. de Maurepas and M. de Vergennes, and the retirement of M. de Calonne. She greatly regretted this publicity, and looked upon it as a misfortune she could not avoid. In her political rôle, as in private life, evil influences followed her: her chief adviser was her *Reader*, the Abbé de Vermond, who had been honoured by her intimacy ever since her marriage. He was low born, vain, talkative and cunning, and unfortunately possessed an absolute power over the mind of the Queen, and led her into political errors which tended to increase her growing unpopularity. Acting under this unhappy influence, she set

herself to gain the appointment of the Archbishop of Sens in the place of Calonne, and even at the time of his disgrace, which was conceded to the despair of a whole nation, she unfortunately thought it due to her dignity to give him marked proof of her regard. The reticence of Louis on public matters was a serious misfortune to his wife. He kept from her particulars which she ought to have known; and, obtaining only partial information, and guided by advisers more ambitious than skilful, it was only perhaps to be expected that her influence was often on the wrong side, and that her ostensible interference brought upon her odium from all classes.

In 1785 the dark intrigue of the Diamond Necklace hopelessly compromised the good name of Marie Antoinette in the mind of the public. A notice, more detailed than this miserable affair deserves, must be given in consideration of its fatal influence upon our ill-fated Queen who was quite innocent of any grave offence.

The great scandal of the Diamond Necklace, which has been pronounced 'the greatest lie of the eighteenth century,' which to the clear vision of Goethe presaged the coming Revolution, and in which the quick witted Talleyrand saw the overthrow of the French Throne, possesses an interest akin to that of the French Revolution itself. This celebrated trinket, of which even Carlyle has condescended to give a gorgeous description, was ordered by Louis XV. for the notorious Madame du Barry. Unhappily for all concerned, the King died before the order was completed, and the costly bauble was thrown upon the hands of the Court jewellers, Böhmer and Bassenge, who vainly endeavoured to persuade Marie Antoinette to become the purchaser for a trifle of two million francs. She always steadily declined the offer, though several times renewed at a lowered price, and dissuaded the King from the purchase, though he

was anxious to see it the property of his beautiful young wife. But she always regarded the jewel with an almost prophetic aversion.

The 'Countess' de la Motte, the guiding spirit of this infamous intrigue, was an adventuress of the lowest class, and her history is too well known to be repeated in this already long paper. She pretended to an intimacy with the Queen, though it has since been proved that Marie Antoinette did not know her by sight; and, by trading on this, deceived among others her infatuated dupe, the Cardinal de Rohan, who had long been an object of the Queen's aversion, and who was only too ready to try any means to regain her favour. The story of Madame de la Motte's falsehoods and forgeries is a long and tedious one. Suffice it to say, that she induced the Cardinal Grand Almoner of France to believe that, through her intercession, the Queen had descended to grant him a midnight interview in the Park of Versailles. This was in the summer of 1784. Mademoiselle d'Oliva, a Parisian actress, was introduced into the Park by Madame de la Motte, to personate the Queen; and the gift of a rose, and a few hurried imperfectly heard words, sent the Cardinal home a happy man. By means of forged letters purporting to come from the Queen, Madame succeeded in extorting from her victim large sums of money, and by these judicious trifles paved the way for the final *coup*. At the beginning of 1785, the Countess contrived to insinuate to Böhmer and the Cardinal, that the Queen greatly desired to possess the Necklace which the unfortunate jeweller had been unable to sell to any of the European Courts. By the end of January the whole affair was settled. On the strength of a letter bearing the incorrect signature, 'Marie Antoinette de France,' the Cardinal, hoping to please the Queen, and imagining that he was fulfilling her wishes, bought the Necklace, on his own guarantee, for

1,600,000 francs. Madame, of course, took possession of it, and turned it to her own advantage; but in the summer of the same year the bubble burst, and the fraud practised upon Cardinal and jeweller was discovered. The King and Queen were indignant at the manner in which Her Majesty's name had been used, and an indiscreet prosecution of all concerned was determined upon. The connection of the Queen's name with those of such disreputable characters was fatal to her reputation, and gave the last blow to her declining popularity. The Cardinal was acquitted; the Countess sentenced to be branded and confined in La Salpêtrière, from which, after twelve months' imprisonment, she made her escape, and once in a place of safety, poured forth eagerly-read libels upon the innocent Queen. We can hardly now believe the sensation created throughout Europe by this miserable affair, and the importance ascribed to it as a political event.

From 1787 events crowd thick and fast in the life of *Marie Antoinette*, and her history is that of the too well-known French Revolution, and so sad that one shrinks from dwelling upon it. In that year she strongly opposed the Assembly of the Notables, and, in the following year, of the States-General; and indeed she had good reason to dread their Convocation, for one of the first acts of the Notables was to declare the Queen the cause of the derangement of the Finances.

From the commencement of the Revolution her influence was always on the side that counselled resistance; but, unable to impart her energy to the apathetic Louis, her efforts were productive of harm rather than good, and she only led him into inconsistencies. She could not disguise her aversion to those leaders who had begun the Revolution, and would never stoop to conciliate their good-will. We can but regret that private feeling, however natural, was allowed to

warp her better judgment. The 4th of May 1788 witnessed the opening of the States-General, and the appearance of the Queen, for the last time in her life, in regal magnificence, which concealed, we know, a heavy heart, for she said sadly to Madame Campan, 'It is a first beat of the drum of ill-omen for France; this Noblesse will ruin us.'

Life at Versailles was now hopelessly sad, and domestic sorrows were not wanting to fill to overflowing the cup of the unhappy Queen: within a year she lost two of her four children, the first Dauphin, and baby Sophie. La Motte had escaped from the Salpêtrière, and, safe in England, was pouring forth 'lie on lie; defiling the highest Queenly name; mere distracted lies, which, in its present humour, France will greedily believe.' Marie was at the height of unpopularity, universally regarded as the evil genius of France; her friends and advisers had disappeared one by one, and she was left to bear the storm alone,—to encourage and support the weak Louis, and to have her tender woman's heart wounded to the quick by the popular hatred, the undisguised mistrust of the States-General, and the gross insults of the Mob. It is a temptation here to quote the impassioned appeal of Burke on behalf of Marie, but it is too well known to justify repetition, though surely it speaks to our hearts as keenly as when it was first uttered.

The first touch of misfortune acted as a magic wand in bringing to light all that was noble and heroic in 'the daughter of the Cæsars,' and her endurance amazed and irritated her bitterest enemies.

The first base attempt at assassination was made shortly before the Royal Family quitted Versailles for the Tuilleries, and, it is painful to say, that the cruellest blow aimed at a suffering sister, was dealt by the infuriated women. They stormed the Queen's apartments, and struck madly at all who opposed their progress. Thanks to the exertions of her

Ladies and two brave Body-guards, Marie succeeded in making her escape to the King's rooms, and, clasping her children,—The Imperial-hearted bursts into mother's tears, 'O my friends, save me and my children!' Yet, when the National Guard came down to quell the tumult, the brave woman, on demand, showed herself on the balcony, where she stood alone, her hands clasped on her breast. 'Should I die,' she said, 'I will do it.' Such heroism had its effect. Lafayette knelt and kissed the Queenly hand, and the fickle crowd shouted—'Vive la Reine!'

Tuesday, the 6th of October 1789, the King yielded to the vehement desire of the People, and left Versailles for the long-deserted Tuilleries, which for forty-one months was their sad abode. Marie attributed many of her sorrows to the implacable hatred of the Duke of Orleans, so well-known as Philip Egalité. She busied herself in unsuccessful negotiations with Foreign Courts, and so far overcame her aversion to the Revolutionary leader, Mirabeau, as to grant him an interview in the private garden of St Cloud, from which they parted with mutual confidence. But the Assembly and People were bent on the overthrow of the Monarchy, and it was now too late for any compromise.

Weary of his virtual imprisonment in the Tuilleries and the repeated insults of the Parisian Mob, Louis determined to leave for St Cloud; but the guards mutinied at the gates, and refused to allow him to pass. Marie Antoinette had long ago counselled flight; but the King would not consent to leave the Kingdom, and nothing would induce her to separate herself from her husband. This last insult, however, had the effect of deciding the Royal Family to make an earnest effort to free themselves from the intolerable bondage; and preparations were made for the flight to Varennes. For a graphic account of this incredibly ill-managed affair we must turn to Carlyle. One can hardly

repress indignation at the gross folly of the King, who deprived himself and his family of their last chance of escape. Who can read with patience of that heavy leathern Berline, with its gorgeous hammercloths, its stupendous weight and constant stoppages, and the placid Louis quietly walking up the hills and enjoying the sunshine! ‘Royalty flying for life, accomplishes sixty-nine miles in twenty-two incessant hours.’

Capture was inevitable; and we all know too well the sad story of that ignominious return to rigorous imprisonment, and humiliating espionage. The poor Queen came back from that journey with hair ‘bleached by sorrow.’

The acceptance by the King of the New Constitution failed to conciliate the People, who would not believe in his sincerity. Repeated attacks upon the Tuilleries culminated in the dreadful scenes of August 10th (1792), on which day the King quitted the Tuilleries for ever, and, with his wife and family, took refuge in the Assembly. For three days they remained in the Lodge of the Logographe, while the Luxembourg was being prepared for them. Residence in this Palace, however, was not considered desirable. ‘The compact prison of the Temple, not so elegant indeed, were safer. To the Temple therefore! On Monday, 13th day of August, 1792, in Mayor Pétion’s carriage, Louis and his sad suspended household fare thither; all Paris out to look at them.’

We need not follow in detail these sad days of imprisonment, and the last act of this Tragedy. Louis was brought to trial in December, and died by the guillotine in January 1793. Marie Antoinette was left in the Temple till the following August, subjected to the most sickening humiliations. She was then removed to the Conciergerie, where ‘in ignominious, dreary cell, she, secluded from children, kindred, friend, and hope, sits long weeks, expecting when

the end will be.' In October we hear of 'the trial of the Widow Capet. The once brightest of Queens, now tarnished, defaced, forsaken, stands here at Fouquier—Tinville's Judgment-bar, answering for her life.' Her Imperial Heroism never forsook her. In her hour of utmost need Marie Antoinette was still the Queen. Her answers were short and prompt. She met scandalous accusations with a dignified emotion which roused even the sympathy of Robespierre. After two days and nights of questioning and debating, sentence of Death was passed, and she quitted this ill-named Palais de Justice.

Next day she was led out to die, as an ordinary criminal bound and in a cart. She was calm and unmoved, and appeared to regard the troops and spectators with indifference. Only when she passed the Tuilleries, her once happy home, did she betray uncontrolled emotion. She mounted the scaffold bravely, and met Death as a merciful friend. The blow fell; and with the cries of the Mob, and shouts of 'Vive la Republique' ringing in her ears, Marie Antoinette closed her weary sorrowful life.

THE MAUSOLEUM BUILT BY PHILIP II.

THIRTY miles N.W. from Madrid, in a savage and lonely spot, at the foot of the Sierra Guadarrama stands the gloomy pile known as 'El Escorial,' a building which has been described as 'like Newgate, magnified one hundred times, with the Cupola of Bethlehem Hospital on the top.' It was dedicated by its founder, Philip II., as an offering of gratitude to St Laurence, on whose day the battle of St Quentin was won; and its plan is that of a *Gridiron*, that being the legendary instrument of the Saint's martyrdom. The outer shell is the frame, the inner courts the bars, the palace the handle, and the four towers the feet of the gridiron,—an idea worthy of the gloomy fanatical monarch whose delight it was, and who spent the last nineteen years of his life within its melancholy walls.

It contains a monastery (strictly speaking this is a thing of the past), a fine collection of paintings, a library rich in Ancient and Arabic MSS., and that with which we are more concerned at present, vaults in which are the tombs and monuments of some of the Kings and Queens of Spain. Directly under the chastely beautiful chapel is the 'Panteon,' or royal sepulchre, containing the ashes of some of the most illustrious monarchs that have borne sway in the land. It is a vaulted octagon chamber, constructed of jasper and marble, and with marble sarcophagi, thirty-six in number, ranged in rows, running from top to bottom of the vault, with the name of the occupant engraved on each. The height is 38 feet, and the diameter 36 feet; and it is so arranged that when the priest officiates at the high altar

in the chapel above, he elevates the Host exactly over the royal sleepers in their gloomy magnificence below.

Philip II. died in 1598, and his bones occupied the niche reserved for them ; but they rested there only for a time. In Miss Freer's 'Life of Elisabeth de Valois,' third wife of Philip II., she says that Philip III. commenced, and spent thirty-three years of his reign in the construction of the 'Panteon,' and that it was completed by his son and successor Philip IV., and prepared for its silent occupants on the 16th of March 1654, on which day an imposing religious ceremony witnessed the final removal of the remains of Charles V., Philip II., and other less known occupants of the Spanish throne, and their deposition in the black marble sarcophagi waiting for their reception.

Spanish etiquette is preserved even in the grave—only Crowned heads, and those of their Consorts who continued the royal line, are admitted to the inner and more magnificent chamber : another less superbly adorned contains the Princes of the Royal Family, and those Sovereigns who died without leaving posterity.

PUNCTUALITY.

O rare and lovely virtue ! Where shall we look for thy sweet presence ? Among the little band of Essayists who are now called upon to portray thy excellence ?

I do not wish to be censorious. I do not wish to be uncharitable. I do not wish to grumble over-much, but out of the fulness of the heart the mouth *will* speak ; and the very mention of Punctuality, reminding me of my wrongs, acts like the proverbial 'red rag,' ruffling my mental feathers, raising my mental bristles, and applying the torch to a by no means smouldering fire.

O sweet virtue ! return to our midst—awake from thy slumbers, if slumbering thou art—come back from thy wanderings, if wandering thou art—and cheer by thy constant presence and influence the thorny path of a would-be Essayist !

Words fail me when I would sing thy praises, and declare thy perfections. How can I express my rapturous love and devotion !

Without thee, other graces are as jewels unset and uncut. As a vacant throne, an empty palace, or an unfilled picture-frame, so is every character which, otherwise gracious and lovely, lacketh *thee* ! Thou art the bright star whose light betokeneth the presence of sister virtues—method, order, and accuracy.

Surely, after the suggestions prompted by right feeling and good sense which we are certain to have from our Essayists, there will no longer be any danger of our losing sight of the importance of Punctuality.

If this Society is to preserve its character of striving to

promote the mutual improvement of its members, I hope they will pardon me for what I have ventured to say.

We will first look for Punctuality where, with other virtues it is always to be found—in the Dictionary. We shall there have it defined as ‘the quality or state of being punctual; the keeping the exact time of an appointment;’ and *punctual* we find to be derived from the Latin *punctum*, a point—so that the greatest nicety of time-keeping is involved in the word. We will therefore punish, by exclusion from the list of its followers, any who diverge from the path of exactitude.

We have all been familiar from childhood with the story of Nelson’s complacently ascribing his success to his having been always ten minutes too soon for an appointment. Now, this may be a desirable praiseworthy plan—assuredly it is far better than being ten minutes too late, and Nelson may have been very right in attributing so much of his deserved good fortune to his having always been on the scene of action before others had appeared there. But this was not exactitude, therefore it was not Punctuality according to the definition of our friend, the Dictionary.

We know that there are many fussy nervous people who, when they have an appointment to keep at a certain time, succeed admirably in disturbing the peace of a whole household by their ceaseless protestations that every one else will be late, or who wander with restless steps and harassed face from seat to seat, and room to room, with hat on head and watch in hand, bringing accusations of unpunctuality against all those who feel too keenly the value of Time to be willing to spend it in waiting perhaps an hour at a railway station for ‘the Train which is *so* late, and which ought to have been here long ago.’

We cannot allow to such persons the possession of the grace of Punctuality.

Miss Betham Edwards, in her pleasant book *Through Spain to the Sahara*, notices this as a characteristic of the Spanish people, who seem to have no notion whatever of the importance of Time. Spanish railways are proverbial for their provoking dilatoriness. Miss Edwards' good-humoured recital of her sufferings in this respect is surely indicative of a sweet and placid temper. She says that in Spain you are always roused from your slumbers an hour too soon, taken to a station an hour before it is necessary, and to a steamer a quarter of a day beforehand.

Our virtue does not stand alone by its own merits—perhaps more than any attribute it involves the possession and enhances the value of others. Accuracy and method are almost inseparable from it. The right thing done at the right time, done with promptness and due regard to antecedent and succeeding events—this is what we have a right to expect from a punctual person from whom, even if blessed with only a mediocre intellect, we shall have more good work better done, than from a genius who knows not the value of Time and the beauty of Order. Not that we must suppose Punctuality to be incompatible with Genius: no one would deny the Heaven-sent gift to the eminent philosopher and chemist, Faraday—for the most commonplace, plodding mediocrity set no higher store on Punctuality and Order than he. 'A time for everything and everything in its time—a place for everything and everything in its place,' were the rules of his daily life; and the consequence is, an almost larger amount of work than from any other public man, and the invaluable collection of note-books bequeathed to the Royal Society—a model of neatness and accuracy, and a priceless legacy to those who would follow in his steps.

Punctuality is the essence of good breeding, and not only good breeding but of Christian courtesy, involving, as it does, a watchful regard for the feelings and comfort of

others. Without *this* we cannot be true gentlemen or gentle-women. The unpunctual member of a community or household is like a perpetual blister or irritant plaster: this is not the office of a Christian member of society.

Punctuality is 'the Courtesy of Kings.' We know well how in this, as in so many other ways, our Queen is a model for all her subjects. In an account of any ceremony in which she takes part we look for the almost invariable words—'Punctually, at the time appointed, the royal train (or carriage) appeared in sight.' By this graceful and kindly consideration Her Majesty has gained the grateful affection of ministers and those brought into personal relations with her, as well as of the cheering multitude in their impatient loyalty.

What has added so much to the brilliancy of the gallant little Expedition which we have just welcomed home from the fever-stricken shores of Africa? The exactness and punctuality with which orders were given and obeyed by commander and men. And to the wise foresight which calculated every action to the day, and insisted on the prompt carrying out of each plan and project, it is that we owe the comparatively small loss of life. A few days delay would have rendered the Prah impassable, the march to the coast impracticable, and, by the sacrifice of noble lives to the prolonged stay in a pestilential climate, have caused the dark shade of bereavement to fall upon many a rejoicing English home.

In business too, how invaluable is Punctuality! Indeed, without it success is impossible. Where Time is wealth, the failure to keep an appointment may involve the loss of thousands: it was only perhaps a few minutes delay, but another has stepped in and used the golden opportunity, and the loss of fortune may be the smallest loss incurred. A good example of this business regularity is that of a

well known Manchester Banker, whose daily walk or ride to town regulated the time of the neighbourhood: 'It must be eight o'clock, for Mr B. has just passed.' This man came to Manchester a ragged shoeless boy; he died a millionaire.

Let us refer for a moment to a smaller but all important sphere—that of Home. Given a house with a punctual mistress, and we are prepared to find comfort, peace and order in that house—a contented well-pleased master, and servants, under the influence of the ruling spirit, performing their duties in quiet methodical fashion.

In order to estimate rightly the value of Punctuality, we must notice briefly the reverse of the picture, which, as a dark shadow, will throw up our virtue in relief; as spots show the brightness of the Sun.

Try to follow an unpunctual person through one day only, and what visions of worry and discomfort are disclosed to our view! Delay in rising, and its consequences of a hurried toilet, and, still worse, hurried devotions; an unavailing attempt to answer the impatient summons of the breakfast bell, involving perhaps some sudden disaster among fastenings and strings which lands the unhappy victim at the table with a hurried apology, and lacking some dainty adornment, to find most of the party dispersed, after a pleasant social meal, to engage in the morning's pursuits. And so through the day—the lost time has never been overtaken; and indeed, the same spirit pervading every action, little attempt is made to do so. Late always for any walk or drive, our unfortunate example brings upon him- or herself angry expressions from impatient companions, 'Just like—never ready in time!' The startled exclamation, 'O, I didn't know it was so late!' is sufficient excuse for the shirking of a duty, or the non-fulfilment of a kindness; and after a day of hurry

to one's self, and worry to one's friends, little or nothing is accomplished.

What an unquiet atmosphere surrounds such people! They are associated in our minds with hasty flights up and down stairs, banging of doors, upsetting of chairs and moveable ornaments, and worried efforts to escape from the neighbourhood of a person who is ineffectually trying to make up for lost time.

This is one kind of unpunctuality; but there is another sort, perhaps not so common, but still very frequently to be found in those who are always late, but yet are never in a hurry; always behind hand, yet quite content to be so; always last, yet always smiling—upon whom no argument however cogent, no pleading however earnest, has any effect in rousing to a sense of their own failing, or the discomfort they entail upon others.

Of the two classes I think the latter is the happier, though they are decidedly the most aggravating and the most disheartening, for there seems such small hope of their amendment. The acknowledgment of a fault is surely the first step towards its conquest.

And though these contentedly unpunctual people do manage to 'go through the world with less unpleasantness than perhaps we should deem possible, yet from how much ennobling enjoyment must this indolence debar them! They are never first in any undertaking, or foremost in any struggle for truth, or contest with wrong: enough for them if they can quietly gather in the fruits which others have planted, and reap the harvest which others have sown. Who would be one of these?

This may not seem exactly the result of unpunctuality, but it is, I think, significant of a state of mind which leads to that vice.

I should expect to find an unpunctual person deficient in

tact and taste—one likely to say the wrong thing and make the uncalled-for speech—or to wear the unbecoming—dress and inharmonious colours—and as wanting generally in a perception of ‘the fitness of things.’ This may be wrong, and I may be unfair, therefore I only venture to suggest it faintly and under my breath.

Bad habits are easily gained, but very hardly lost; and a taste acquired in youth clings faithfully to us through life. Youth is the impressionable time both for good and evil, therefore it is surely the truest kindness for those who have authority to insist upon the practice of punctuality from those under their charge.

Apart from the importance which this Virtue acquires when considered in our relations with others, it acts as good moral discipline upon our own characters, particularly when so far from being an inherent quality, it is the result of a steady conflict with natural inclinations. That which costs us most we value most: if we extend the same rule of valuation to the possessions of others, we shall set the highest price upon *acquired* good habits.

Let us then in our seedtime of youth take watchful heed of every growth, and destroy unsparingly the smallest sign of the noxious weed of unpunctuality.

LIGHTHOUSES.

LIGHTHOUSES are of great antiquity, but were long of a very imperfect kind; originally nothing more than open fires on the ground. Faraday says that the first idea of a Lighthouse was the candle in the cottage window, lighting the husband across the water or the pathless moor. At an early period in the history of commerce the necessity for such structures must have been felt, and the ancients paid great attention to their construction. The most celebrated Lighthouse of antiquity was that of Pharos, near Alexandria, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, B.C. 280. Josephus states that its light could be distinguished at forty-five miles distance; it fell so recently as A.D. 1303. From this building Pharos came to be the general name for Lighthouse, and still exists in the French 'Phare.'

The Romans were diligent builders of Lighthouses, and were the first to introduce them into England. On the summit of Dover Mount still stands the Roman Pharos which is supposed to have lighted vessels from the coast of France. Authentic records have come to us of Lighthouses at Ostea, Caprea, Ravenna, Puteoli, at the mouth of the Chrysorhoas, on the Bosphorus, Boulogne; and Pennant gives a plate of what is supposed to have been a Roman tower at Gaireg, in Wales.

During the middle ages many such towers were erected, the most beautiful of which, as an architectural structure, is that of Genoa. The old English towers were rough and homely, and Lambarde describes them before the reign of Edward III. as 'merely great stacks of wood.'

The general management of Lighthouses and Buoys in England is entrusted to the Corporation of the Elder Brethren of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, known as Trinity House. This body was first incorporated in the year 1515, in the reign of Henry VIII., but for many years little was done to ensure the safety of ships by means of Lights. With the increase of commerce and navigation, however, they became a matter of necessity, and in the time of James I. the first Lighthouse was erected on Dungeness Point.

The first stone Lighthouse in Europe was the celebrated Tour de Condouran, built on a flat rock off the mouth of the Garonne, in the Bay of Biscay. It was finished and lit up more than 250 years ago, but still continues one of the finest towers in existence; it replaced one built by the English between 1362-71, when the Black Prince was Governor of Guienne. The stone building was begun by Louis de Foix in 1584, continued through the reign of Henri IV., and finished in that of Louis XIII. Its height is now 186 feet, and its style of construction enables it to bear much more decoration than our own more homely structures; it is also memorable as the first house which exhibited a revolving light.

Perhaps the most familiar and celebrated of all Lighthouses is that of Eddystone, which marked a crisis in the history of Lighthouse building, for the marvellous success which attended its erection led to many other works of the same kind. The Eddystone forms the crest of a reef of rocks which rise fourteen miles S.S.W. of Plymouth Harbour; they are nearly in a line with Lizard Head and Start Point, and lie in the very path of vessels coasting up and down the English Channel; many a gallant ship has been dashed to pieces on this cruel rock, and its sailors drowned within sight of home. The first attempt to

establish a light upon it was made by Mr Winstanley, who obtained the necessary powers in 1696, and finished his honourable undertaking in four years, though the Light was first exhibited in 1698. The Rock being uncovered only at low water and in calm weather, rendered the undertaking one of extreme difficulty, and the first summer was entirely spent in making twelve holes in the rocks, and fastening irons into them by which to hold the superstructure ; sometimes for ten or twelve days together the violence of the eddying sea would prevent all operations. The work of the second summer was the erection of a solid pillar on which to set the Lighthouse ; and during the third, it rose to a height of eighty feet. The fourth summer saw the completion of what resembled a Chinese pagoda, with open galleries and numerous projections ; the main gallery under the Light was so wide that an eye-witness recorded that it was 'possible for a six-oared boat to be lifted up on a wave, and driven clear through the open gallery into the sea on the other side.' Winstanley deserves every credit for his heroic endeavour to accomplish what had hitherto been deemed impossible, but a building so unsuited in every way to endure the violence of winds and waves could not stand, and we are not surprised to hear that, during a violent storm in November 1703, it was entirely washed away, though we must regret that its brave erector perished in the fall of his own creation.

Three years after this failure, in 1706, the Brethren of Trinity House obtained an Act of Parliament to enable them to rebuild the Lighthouse ; and the lease being taken by Captain Lovet, he entrusted the work to John Rudgood, who designed a simple and masterly tower which, avoiding the projections of its predecessor, offered as little resistance as possible to the elements : it was erected in the form of a cone, but its main defect lay in the material of which it was

composed, for, like Winstanley's, it was of wood. It would take too long to follow the details of a building which was then considered a triumph of engineering skill: it is sufficient to say, it stood bravely for fifty years, and fell a victim to fire in 1755; the flames spread with rapidity through the dry and heated lantern, and in a few minutes the whole building was in a blaze. As the increasing trade in the Channel impelled its re-erection, the proprietors took at once the necessary steps for the work, and casting around for the best man their choice fell upon John Smeaton, whose name will ever live in connection with one of the proudest triumphs of human skill and patience. He was by profession a mathematical instrument maker, and the matter in hand was wholly new to him, but he lost no time in devoting all his energies to it.

One of his first conclusions was, that the building must be of stone, thus combating the popular impression that 'nothing but wood could possibly stand on the Eddystone.' He carefully examined the plans of the two former Lighthouses, and became more and more convinced that their defect was want of weight; he therefore resolved to make his building solid up to a certain height and from thence hollow, and greatly to increase the diameter of the foundation, taking for his model the bole of a spreading oak-tree; he also made very extensive use of the process of dovetailing, then unknown in masonry, and rooted his foundations into the Rock. His plans were made before he ever visited the scene of his future labours; but so skilfully were they laid, that slight modifications only were needed. Nothing could bring before us more vividly the almost superhuman difficulties of this undertaking than the account of Smeaton's first attempts to land on the Eddystone Rock. Day after day a storm kept him on shore, and when he did reach his destination, the sea was so violent that to

effect a landing was impossible. This was not the history of one but repeated trials, and we must ever honour the man who, by his patient perseverance, won so noble a victory over the greatest obstacles that nature in her angriest mood could lay in his path.

It was determined that the Lighthouse should be built of Stone; and all arrangements having been made, Smeaton himself fixed the centre, and laid down the lines on August 3rd, 1756; and from that date the work proceeded steadily but intermittently, depending greatly on tide and weather; at the most not more than six hours' labour could be done at one time. By the end of November the necessary cutting in the rock had been safely accomplished, and the workers returned to shore to prepare the stone for next season. The building was fairly begun in the summer of 1757, and as soon as the work had been carried above high water it proceeded rapidly. Next season the task was recommenced in May, and to the engineer's delight he found that the storms of winter had left the Tower unscathed. This season saw the completion of the solid portion of the building, which formed the floor of the store-room—the first of the necessary rooms for the Lighthouse keepers; the walls of these rooms are twenty-six inches thick; the blocks of stone 'joggled and cramped, so as to secure perfect solidity.' All through these anxious months Smeaton's sole thought was for his Lighthouse, and early in the morning and late at night would he gaze eagerly through his telescope from Plymouth Hoe, till the tall white pillar of darting spray assured him of the safety of his cherished undertaking, every portion of which had been manufactured under his own eye. The next season proved so stormy that the men did not begin their work till July; but, so rapidly did it now progress, that by August 17th the last Stone was set; and on October 16th, 1759, that Light

was first exhibited which for more than a century has been a source of joy and safety to the tempest-tossed sailor. The Eddystone Lighthouse is ninety feet high, and its light is visible for nine miles, and is now only one of the many beacons which light up the English Channel along its whole extent, and render its navigation as safe by night as by day.¹

Eleven miles from the mainland of Scotland, near the entrances of the Firths of Forth and of Tay lies a dangerous reef, which, so early as the fourteenth century, was a source of such peril that the Abbot of Arbroath caused a Bell to be placed on what is now so well known as the Bell Rock. In 1799 a more than usually violent storm, which caused a terrible loss of life, gave rise to the formation of many plans for a lighthouse on the fatal spot, and Captain Brodie proposed one of cast-iron, but his idea was not approved of. Other plans were also proposed and rejected, till the Commissioners appointed Mr Rennie to examine the site, and report as to the best course to be pursued. After much deliberation, he decided that a Stone Lighthouse, built on the plan of Eddystone, would alone meet the exigencies of the case; the Rock being uncovered by the water for less time than that of Eddystone, the difficulties of the foundation would be even greater, but he had no doubt they could be overcome, and the work accomplished in four years. The Report was adopted, and Mr Rennie appointed chief engineer, with Mr Stevenson as assistant, to superin-

¹ Since these words were written it has been discovered that the foundations of the Eddystone Lighthouse have commenced to give way. The Lighthouse is consequently condemned. It was at first proposed to destroy the Rock on which it stands, by dynamite; but there appears to have been some objection to this plan: and the present Lighthouse will probably give place to a new and still more perfect structure.

tend operations on the spot, and in 1807 the task was begun.

It is impossible in one short paper to follow in detail the difficulties, disappointments, and slow progress of the building of each Lighthouse, which were much the same in every case, varied only by the greater or lesser hindrances of tide and site. The history of the Bell Rock Lighthouse rivals in thrilling interest that of Eddystone, and should be read by all who can sympathise with the daring yet patient ardour of our great engineers. We must be content to say that it was happily completed by the end of 1810, and the Light regularly exhibited after February 11th, 1811. Its cost was £61,332 ; its height 117 feet, and its Light can be seen for a distance of eighteen miles.

Another celebrated Scotch Lighthouse, to which a brief notice must be accorded, is that of Skerryvore, twenty-four miles west of Iona. It is the chief rock of a long reef of compact gneiss, which stretches for eight or ten miles, and is the only point which could afford the needful foundation : for forty-four years previous to 1844, it had been annually the scene of a shipwreck. The difficulty of landing was great, owing to the immense force (three tons to the superficial foot) with which the Atlantic broke upon it, and caused the delay of the scheme till 1838, when it was undertaken by Mr Alan Stevenson, who followed generally the plan of the Bell Rock, and, in spite of disasters and tempests, completed his work in 1844. Its cost was nearly £87,000 ; its diameter at the base forty-two feet, and at the top sixteen feet ; and its Light is a guide to mariners for eighteen miles.

The total number of Lights in Great Britain in January 1871, afloat and ashore, was 514. Lighthouses in England are usually painted white or red, while those in Scotland are left their natural colour. The number of Lights of all

classes on the English coast averages one to nearly every eleven miles ; or, if the Floating Lights are excluded, one to every fourteen miles ; as a general rule, the horizon to be lighted is limited to fifteen or twenty miles, and the height above the sea level varies from 90 to 540 feet,—depending, of course, on the situation of the foundation.

The French Lighthouse system is very perfect and comprehensive. The authorities class their Lights in four divisions, according to their power and range of visibility. The 'Pharos' of the first class are visible for 30, those of the second for 25, those of the third for 15 miles ; while the fourth class, or harbour lights, are seen only for 6 miles. Of 13 of the principal French Lighthouses, the height varies from 157 to 397 feet, and the cost from £4,000 to £38,000 ; while the range of visibility is from 18 to 27 miles. The greatest recorded distance at which an oil lamp has been seen is that of the Holophotal Light of Allepey, in Travancore, which has been visible, from an elevated position, 45 miles away. This seems very wonderful, but is almost equalled by the Revolving Light of Buccalieu, in Newfoundland, which throws its beneficent beams for 40 nautical miles.

Something must now be said on the subject of the Lights themselves, which, beginning with the old-fashioned beacon fires, have not yet reached perfection. The earliest system was merely that of blazing fires on the open ground ; then a candle was tried placed in a lantern, and this was adopted at Eddystone, which was first lighted by 24 candles in a sort of chandelier. The use of oil lamps instead of candles is said to have been introduced by the celebrated engineer Borda, about 1780 or 1790. Various kinds of oil have been tried ; for 50 years spermaceti was used, but the preference is now given to rape-seed, or colza, as the most economical and reliable.

The next step in advance was the adoption of Reflectors,

which gave rise to the *Catoptric* system, which was universal for half a century. The light thrown from a Parabolic Reflector is sent out in parallel rays, and can be seen for a great distance. Then came the *Dioptric* system, which consisted in magnifying one large flame through a lens. It had been suggested to Smeaton, 1759, and had been actually employed in the Portland Lighthouse in 1789, but, through some mismanagement, it had fallen into disfavour for many years, till revived by Augustin Fresnel, in a paper read before the French Academy of Sciences, in 1822. The French Government at once adopted the Dioptric system, which has been improved and perfected by Leopold Fresnel, Alan Stevenson, Arago, and Faraday. It is to this last-named distinguished philosopher that we are indebted for the present efficient mode of ventilating lighthouse lamps.

The Light now generally adopted in British Lighthouses is a mixture of the two systems: inside the great glass lantern, usually about 12 feet high, is placed another framework of glass, corresponding to the shape of the lantern, and which, enclosing the lamp, is composed of, firstly, a band of glass round the middle, called the *lenticular* belt, which considerably magnifies the flame; the top consists of a number of prisms, which intercept the light which would otherwise be lost on the roof, and in the lower part of the apparatus is another set of prisms, which, in a similar manner, prevent the light being wasted below.

A curious Light is one shown at Stornoway Bay, where the position of a rock is indicated by means of a beam of parallel rays thrown from the shore upon an apparatus fixed in the top of a beacon erected upon the rock itself; this is called an *Apparent* light, from its appearing to rise from a flame on the rock, while in reality it proceeds from the shore 650 feet distant, and is refracted by glass prisms placed on the beacon.

Many other means of lighting, besides that of oil lamps, have been tried, though none of them are yet extensively adopted ; lime light, electric light, magnesium, and gas. Sir William Thomson, however, considers that 'the Lighthouse of the future is to be illuminated by gas, except when the situation is on an isolated rock, or where, for any reason, the price of coal is prohibitory.' Professor Tyndall coincides in this opinion, and, in a paper by Mr Wigham, gas engineer, we find that this theory has been put into practice by the Irish Board of Lights at Howth Bailey, in Dublin Bay, where an actual saving has been effected by the substitution of gas for oil. The most beautiful and interesting, perhaps, of all lights, is that discovered by Professor Faraday, the electric light. It is really nothing more than the white heat caused by the meeting of two opposing electric currents, generated by a powerful machine, and conveyed by two copper wires, each terminating in a carbon point. These points are kept at a certain distance from each other, and when the two opposing currents meet there, the resistance of both causes the carbon to glow and become white hot ; the incandescent state of the carbon is the brilliant electric light itself. It was utilized by Mr Holmes, who invented an apparatus for producing it, which was tried in 1859 at the South Foreland Lighthouse ; it has, however, only been steadily used for six years, but has proved itself so successful that it merits a somewhat detailed notice. The stream of electricity which supplies the two Lighthouses standing one above the other on the chalk cliffs of the South Foreland promontory, is not derived from a pile or a battery, but is ground out of huge magneto-electric machines worked by a twenty horse-power steam engine—the current being conducted by wires from the machine-house to the Lighthouses. The light generated by this beautiful contrivance is kept constant by means of a clock-work arrangement which draws the carbon

points closer together as they disperse themselves by combustion. It is necessary, however, to change them altogether every three hours, but as this is accomplished by the keeper in a few seconds, no real inconvenience is experienced. The cost is a more serious consideration, for we are told, while three keepers suffice for an ordinary Lighthouse, a staff of eight men is constantly needed to sustain the Electric Light at the South Foreland.

A large majority of the Lights on the British Coast are Fixed, but a considerable number are Revolving. Sir William Thomson considers the present system of Lighting very far from perfect, and would have all Lighthouses so distinguished that they could not possibly be mistaken for ship or shore lights. He recommends the abolition of lights revolving at different intervals, which, he says, are often mistaken on a stormy night, and the adoption of Morse's telegraph signs. Each Lighthouse should have its own letter, which it should show incessantly from sunset to sunrise by means of Morse's dots and dashes, this being accomplished by a simple mechanical contrivance which would drop a screen before the gaslight, eclipsing it at intervals, thus by light and darkness showing the letters on Morse's plan; the length between the dots and dashes indicated by intervals of darkness, the dots and dashes themselves, that is the letters, by short and long flashes; this is called an *Occulting* light. The originator of this idea was Babbage the mathematician, and his paper on the subject may be found by the curious in the pigeon-holes of Trinity House, though warmly approved of by such high authorities as Professor Tyndall and Sir William Thomson, the latter of whom has invented an eclipsing gaslight to be employed in Lighthouses, which was exhibited at a *Conversazione* of Telegraph Engineers on December 2d, 1874.

This branch of scientific discovery is, like so many others at the present day, still capable of further development, and the perfection and extension of the labours of our Savants will doubtless furnish a theme of interest to the future historian of scientific research, and its practical application to the wants of Commercial Navigation.

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN GRECIAN HISTORY, AND WHY?

THE Greek character is not to my mind a very admirable one, and I have chosen my Hero as the possessor of virtues which did not, I think, as a rule, belong to his fellow-countrymen,—moral courage and consistency.

The Greeks were a brilliant and accomplished, but vain, inconstant, fickle people,—wanting the solid worth, unselfish patriotism, and reverence for law which distinguished the Romans at their best days.

If I may be allowed to say so, the difference between the two nations resembles that which now exists between the English and French. The watchword of the Englishman is 'Duty,' that of the Frenchman 'La Gloire.' With the exception of Aristides, who has come down to us ennobled by the title of 'The Just,' can we call to mind the name of any other Greek statesman whose name and character will bear the 'fierce light' of public scrutiny and modern criticism? Do we not find in the Roman character an unflinching integrity, unswerving honour, a sternness of will and purpose which did not belong to the brilliant versatile Greek? Perhaps in fairness we should substitute for the latter name that of the *Athenian*, for between the Athenian and Spartan the difference of aim and character was almost as marked as between the Athenian and Roman. We must not forget the familiar stories of Spartan Simplicity, courage and prowess, which have rendered the name of this people a proverb.

A slight glance at the incidents in the life of *Socrates*

will best justify me in my choice of this great and good philosopher as my favourite character in Grecian History. We know little of his early life, save that he was the son of a statuary, and followed, until perhaps middle life, the calling of his father,—that his personal appearance excited the jests both of his friends and enemies,—that he was simple to austerity in habits, braving indifferently heat and cold, fatigue and hardship, and contented in winter with the same simple clothing which sufficed him in summer. He had a maxim, 'that to want nothing belonged only to the gods, and to want as little as possible was the nearest approach to the divine nature,' therefore, it was with him a principle to contract his wants, fulfilling unconsciously the Christian injunction, 'Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content.' Such was the early training of one destined to be the noblest teacher of Greek youth.

He does not seem to have filled any political office till B.C. 406, in which year he was a member of the Senate of 500, and one of the Prytanes, the only one who had the moral courage to refuse to put an unconstitutional question to the vote on the trial of the Six Generals. No personal hazards could influence Socrates, or induce him to turn aside from what he considered the path of duty. He displayed the same unflinching integrity in his refusal to obey an unjust order of the Thirty Tyrants. Few as are his recorded actions, they are sufficient to convince us of the blameless character of his life. It was, however, as a Teacher he gained undying reputation, and left behind a name which sheds an eternal glory on the country which claimed him for her son. He had a strong persuasion that he was entrusted with a divine mission, and nobly he strove to fulfil it. He never *wrote*, but made oral instruction the great business of his life. From early morning he was to be found in the public walks, the gymnasiums, the crowded markets, or the schools



eager to impart knowledge to old and young, rich and poor, —to all who would accept his counsels. He did not, as was the custom of the time, deliver public lectures, nor did he attempt to found a School; his own personal glory was of no value to him; to spread moral truth was the aim of his life; he cared not that the words he uttered should go down to posterity connected with the name of Socrates. Truth was the heritage of all; and if to him had been granted a keener insight to its beauties than to others, then his duty was to make known unreservedly the knowledge which had been divinely bestowed; therefore he gave instruction to all alike, without fee or reward.

A reformer, like Socrates, of popular prejudices and fallacies, who refused to attach himself to any prevailing party, could not fail to meet with opposition and enmity from all who placed the cause of party above that of truth. Attacks had been made upon him from the year 423, but it was not till 399 B.C. that the charges were made against him which cost him his life. He was accused of corrupting youth, of not worshipping the gods of the city, and of introducing new divinities. Socrates refused to make any preparations for defence, and he met his judges with uncompromising boldness. He was condemned by only six votes. According to the custom of the Athenian Courts, he was entitled to make some counter-proposition in place of the sentence of death which his accusers demanded. If he had basely submitted to the unjust decree, conscious the while of his own innocence, he might have mitigated the severity of the sentence of his judges.

But Socrates was a consistent follower of his own upright teaching, and after the verdict he assumed an even loftier tone than before, refusing to acquiesce in more than the infliction of a small fine, and declaring that, instead of bringing upon him punishment and obloquy, his deserts

entitled him to be treated as a public benefactor. This enraged his judges, who now, by a large majority, condemned him to death. The sentence could not be carried out till after the return of the vessel which had sailed to Delos on the annual deputation to the festival. During its absence it was unlawful to put any one to death, and Socrates passed in imprisonment the thirty days which elapsed before its return. He spent his time in philosophical conversations with his friends, his last discourse being on the Immortality of the Soul.

A plan of escape had been arranged by bribing the jailer, but Socrates refused to save his life by committing a breach of the law. Firmly and cheerfully he drank the fatal cup of hemlock, and bade farewell to his sorrowing friends, addressing to Crito the famous words, 'Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius; discharge the debt, and by no means omit it.'

Thus perished, in his seventieth year, the greatest of heathen philosophers, and thus it is too often that the world rewards the services of its noblest sons.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE CHIEF ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

PAINTING occupies a prominent place as one of the fine arts—some indeed claim for it the first place, as combining the chief elements—form, light and shade, and colour. In its ruder and more elementary forms, in which the chief design was to communicate ideas, it is perhaps the oldest among the arts, more ancient, at all events, than writing, it having been ascertained that painting was employed in decorations at Thebes, in the nineteenth century B.C.

But we must descend rapidly to more recent times. Before the thirteenth century (A.D.) Byzantine artists were chiefly employed; but on the conquest of Constantinople in 1204 by the Latins, the Byzantine School was broken up, and many Greek Artists removed to Italy, where their Art was destined to reach its greatest perfection.

The history of Italian Painting in the sixteenth century divides itself into three different periods—its highest point was attained during the first quarter—after this, with the exception of the Venetian School, which flourished during the whole century, it decayed rapidly; the second period may be said to embrace the works of the Pupils of the Great Masters, none of whom equalled their Teachers. Then came towards the end of the century a revival of art sought by two classes of Artists—the larger body of whom were known by the title of 'Eclectics' from their endeavour to unite the best qualities of all schools, combined

with the study of Nature. The other class were distinguished by the name of 'Naturalisti.' Their aim was to found an independent style distinct from that of the Early Masters. In their development both Schools exercised an important influence on each other, particularly the Naturalisti on the Eclectic.

In attempting to give a short account of the chief Italian Painters of the sixteenth century, we must begin with the great names of Michael Angelo, Leonardo Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, and Correggio. These five may be classed as the leading Masters, whose influence has been universal and undying. They may all be said to belong to the brilliant first quarter of the century under notice, though all were born, and some had acquired fame, in the previous one.

Our first rapid sketch shall be of that almost unrivalled genius—Michael Angelo Buonarotti. He was born in Chiusi in 1474, of noble parents, and learned the rudiments of his art from Bertoldo, a pupil of Domenico Ghirlandaio. He was admitted student in a Seminary which had been founded in Florence by Lorenzo the Magnificent, and first attracted the notice of his patron by his artistic restoration of the mutilated head of a faun. He spent many years in the Palace of the Medicis, but on the death of Lorenzo retired to Bologna, and soon afterwards came to Rome, where his fame had preceded him. We must not forget that Michael Angelo excelled as an Architect and Sculptor, and that his first works in the Eternal City, and indeed in Florence and Bologna, were statues. According to some of his contemporaries, his grandest work was the Cartoon for the Florentine Ducal Palace, which has long since perished. This Cartoon, which represented a scene in the wars with Pisa, showed such marvellous anatomical knowledge, and powers of execution, that it created an Era in

Art, and became a study for Artists of every land. Pope Julius II. called the gifted Painter to Rome, and employed him on his own monument, which, though never completed, and ultimately erected in the Church of S. Pietro ad Vincula, is memorable for having given occasion to the magnificent reconstruction of St Peter's. The Pope insisted on his painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and unwillingly he began his colossal task, which was finished in two years, and remains one of the most marvellous efforts of his genius. He was often trammelled by the unworthy labours in which Leo X. and successive Popes engaged him, such as the excavation of roads. Bologna and Florence vied with Rome in the endeavour to secure his services, and to his skill as an Engineer, Florence was indebted for the plan of the Fortifications which enabled her to prolong her resistance to the return of the Medicis. On the surrender of Florence he returned to Rome, where he painted the celebrated Fresco for the Altar of the Sistine Chapel, which measured nearly seventy feet in height, and was considered by contemporary critics to be unsurpassed in power of invention and knowledge of the human figure. After its completion, Michael Angelo devoted himself to St Peter's, for which he refused all remuneration, regarding it as a work in the service of God. He died in Rome in 1563, though his remains were removed to Florence, leaving behind him an undying reputation and unsullied name.

Raphael, or Rafaelle Sanzio, called by his countrymen 'Il Divino,' was born at Urbino in 1483, and is accorded by many the rank of the greatest of painters. His first instructor was his father, on whose death he was placed under the celebrated Perugino. In 1504 he visited Florence, where he remained till 1508, improving himself by the study of the works of Masaccio and Fra Bartolomeo. On the invitation of Julius II. he proceeded to Rome, where he

commenced his celebrated frescoes in the Vatican, and numerous other works. Though Julius died in 1513, his successor Leo X. retained his services, and constantly employed his great powers. His works are generally divided into three classes—those executed under the control of Perugino; secondly, his paintings in Florence from 1504 to 1508; and lastly, those after his settlement in Rome, which are very distinguishable from the others. He has left many works in the three classes, which have each their devoted admirers, and in all of which he displayed rare excellence. It would be unwarrantable to decide upon the individual merit of different paintings, but perhaps his frescoes in the Vatican, the Hampton Court Cartoons, the 'Madonna di San Sisto' at Dresden, and his last unfinished picture of 'The Transfiguration,' are most widely known. Raphael died at Rome in 1520, on the anniversary of his birth, at the age of thirty-seven—that age so often fatal to men of genius.

The third name in perhaps the greatest trio of Painters the world has ever seen, is that of Leonardo Da Vinci. This remarkable man, whose works are classed with those of Michael Angelo and Raphael, was also a Sculptor, Architect, and Engineer, and cultivated successfully Anatomy, Botany, Mathematics, Poetry, and Music. He was born at Vinci, near Florence, in 1452, and was placed by his father with Verrochio, an able painter and good sculptor, but who, in painting, was soon surpassed by his pupil. In 1483 Da Vinci went to Milan, where he performed various services for Duke Ludovico, particularly as an Engineer, receiving from his patron an annual pension of 500 dollars. He founded there an Academy of Arts, of which he was named Director, which influenced powerfully and beneficially the Lombard School of Painting. In 1497, when forty-five years of age, he executed his famous fresco of 'The Last Supper' for the Dominican Convent of Santa

Maria delle Grazie. In Milan he remained till 1500, when, on its occupation by the French, he returned to Florence, where he distinguished himself as Architect and Engineer, besides taking part with Michael Angelo in the decoration of the Council-hall, executing for it the great Cartoon of 'The Battle of the Standard.' He visited Rome in the train of Giuliano de Medici, who assisted there at the coronation of his brother Leo X., and subsequently, on the pressing invitation of Francis I., visited France. In bad health during the whole of his stay in that country, he left no paintings behind him, being chiefly occupied in Engineering, and died at Amboise in 1519. Though many of his greatest works were executed during the later years of the previous century, yet, considering the great influence he exercised upon the sixteenth, even during life, we may without fear class him as one of the great Italian Artists of that century. His drawing evinced great delicacy and purity of style, and was remarkable for its truth to Nature—while his powerful, yet softened treatment of light and shade, invested his pictures with a peculiar charm. His writings were varied and highly esteemed, having been translated into many languages: a recent English edition shows that his influence in Art is, to this day, keenly felt and appreciated.

Worthy to be ranked with these immortal Masters is Antonio Allegri, better known by his surname of Correggio, the place of his birth. Very little is known of the life, public or domestic, of this illustrious Artist; and the few facts recorded are so contradictory, that our confusion is only increased by their perusal. Some of his biographers describe him as of humble origin, uneducated, indigent, and penurious, while others trace his descent from a noble feudal family. Both accounts appear to be exaggerated, the truth being that his family was respectable, and he himself in easy circumstances.

It is uncertain who was Correggio's first instructor; so many names are given that it is impossible to decide upon the true one. Some writers suppose him to have visited Rome, but the weight of evidence is against this supposition, and his life seems to have been spent in his native place. He was a most original painter, and one of the greatest of colourists, forming a style completely his own, remarkable for masterly chiaroscuro, delicious colouring and graceful design. He was less varied and decided in outline than the Roman and Florentine Artists, and surpassed by Titian in powerful colouring, but though apparently careless in his display of anatomical knowledge, his forms are correct, and his colouring is remarkable for its mildness and richness. His treatment of light and shade was peculiarly his own, and his subjects pure and sweet—he delighted in depicting tender emotions, fond mothers and smiling children. Correggio's pictures are not so numerous as those of other artists, yet they are very widely known. The fresco of 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' painted in the Cupola of Parma Cathedral, so excited the admiration of Titian by its beauty, grace, and colour, that he is said to have exclaimed, 'If I were not Titian, I would be Correggio!' Dresden possesses three of his works, one of them his choicest gem, 'Magdalene in the Desert.' This lovely little cabinet picture is too well known to need description, and is considered by many the most perfect woman ever painted. Our own National Gallery is rich in possession: among other treasures two of his masterpieces were bought by Government for £10,000. Correggio died in March 1534, and was buried in his native place.

Our next notice must be of the great head of the Venetian School, and one of the most eminent painters that ever lived, Vecelli Tiziano (Titian). Born of a good family in

1480, at Capo del Cadore, he early displayed his great talent, and was sent when only ten years of age to Venice for instruction. His teachers were Zuccati, the two Bellini, and, with more marked influence than the others, Giorgione. So keen was his appreciation of any distinctive feature in his master's works, that he never failed to produce them with startling fidelity, surpassing even the original. This fidelity marred his friendship with Giorgione.

The first work which brought him into notice was his completion of 'The Homage of Frederick Barbarossa to Alexander III.'—begun by Giovanni Bellini. This was executed in 1512, and so delighted the Venetian Senate, who had given the commission, that they conferred upon him an office with a salary of 300 crowns. He afterwards resided in Ferrara, Mantua, and Bologna, and, while refusing invitations to Rome and France by Leo X. and Francis I., he accompanied Charles V. to Spain, where, during his three years residence, he painted many of his masterpieces. A complete catalogue of the works of Titian would be impossible, their number being extraordinarily great—upwards of 600. Among them are portraits of Ariosto, Charles V., and Paul III. His paintings are found in all the principal European Galleries, but he is best studied at Venice and Madrid. Happy in design, invention, and composition, it is in the splendour, truth, and boldness of his colouring that he stands unrivalled, and has won for himself one of the greatest names in Art. He attained the unusual age of ninety-nine, and was carried off by the plague in 1576.

Perhaps of all the distinguished Painters of the brilliant Venetian School, the most powerful rival to Titian was Giorgione, born at Castelfranco in 1477. In the School of Bellini he had Titian for a fellow-pupil—some writers say that the latter was so struck by the genius of Giorgione that he became his scholar. They certainly were great friends,

till the jealousy of Giorgione cut short their intimacy. Our National Galleries possess no adequate examples of this great Master, distinguished among famous contemporaries for bold fore-shortening, dignity, and animation — rich, glowing though subdued tone of colour, and forcible effects of chiarascuro. His portraits are of remarkable excellence, though his greatest works were in fresco: he adorned the fronts of many buildings in Venice, of which no trace now remains. His historical pieces are rare and highly valued. He died at Venice during the plague of 1511, at the early age of thirty-four.

Inferior to his great master Titian, yet worthy of brief notice is Jacopo Robusti, known best to us by his surname of Tintoretto. His works are very numerous, and are to be found in all galleries. He painted with such extraordinary rapidity that he gained the name of *Il Furioso*. This no doubt tended to produce unequal execution. While some of his figures were carefully finished, others were dashed off with fatal rapidity, and he often fell short of his grand motto, 'The design of Michael Angelo, and the colouring of Titian.' His execution was unworthy of his intention, for his colouring is rather cold and leaden, and characteristic of the artist who gave black and white as his favourite colours. Some of his paintings were enormous in size and splendid in conception — 'The Worship of the Golden Calf' and 'The Last Judgment,' measuring fifty feet in height, and his grand picture 'Paradise,' thirty-four feet by seventy-four in length, containing upwards of 100 figures. Tintoretto was born in 1512, and died in 1594.

As we have said, the Venetian School continued in vigorous life till the end of the century; so we will continue to follow its fortunes, though anticipating the history of other Schools of Italian Art, by a short account of Cagliari, or Paolo Veronese, the most eminent master in what may be

called the ornamental style of Painting. Verona claims the honour of being his birthplace, in 1530 or 1532. He was destined for his father's profession, that of a sculptor, but his decided preference for the sister art led to his being placed under an artist uncle, Antonio Badile. His earliest commissions were given in Venice, which town he visited when young. His pictures excited universal admiration, from their vigour and originality of design, and rich colouring. Patrons were numerous. A portion of the Ducal Palace was assigned to him for decoration ; and from this time wealth and fame accompanied his steps. He visited Rome, and numerous other towns in his native country, leaving behind him lasting memorials. He declined an invitation from Philip II. to visit Spain, and contribute to the Escorial, preferring honour and emolument at home. After a life of uninterrupted success, he died at Venice in 1588, leaving great wealth to his two sons, who, though also his pupils, did not attain the celebrity of their father. Veronese ranked as an artist before Tintoretto, and was a formidable rival to the great Titian. His style was ornate, his execution marvellously facile, and his colour brilliant and sparkling. His works are to be met with in most collections, but the most remarkable are at Venice.

The second period of Italian Art was one of decay. Michael Angelo left many pupils, and the imitation of his style was the great object of Florentine Artists ; but lacking his power, and not possessing his theoretical knowledge, their pictures became mere exaggerated copies. Daniele da Volterra (1509-1566) is the only name of distinction among Michael Angelo's scholars.

Raphael's style was founded on his own peculiar spirit of grace and beauty, and could not be acquired by the most ardent and persevering pupil. Genius cannot be communicated ; and perhaps we ought not to wonder at the inevitable

falling away. The first place among his followers is assigned to Giulio Romano (1492-1546), his favourite friend and pupil. He was commissioned by his master to finish whatever he himself had left incomplete; and so the two reputations are inseparably linked together. Romano's colouring fell short of his imagination, and his work is unequal. Many frescoes bearing his name were executed mainly by his pupils, the finishing touches only being given by the master. He has left many remains, artistic and architectural, in Rome and Mantua, and a reputation by no means unblemished.

Correggio's scholars were eminently unsuccessful in their endeavours to perpetuate their master's peculiar beauties. In their hands his style became affected and insipid.

The reputation of Da Vinci's followers stands higher than that of other imitators: they repeated his distinguishing qualities without losing their own individuality, and avoided many of the mistakes of their contemporaries.

We have now reached the third and last period in our allotted century—the attempted revival of Art at its close. We have spoken already of the two rival Schools, and a few words of notice will suffice for the most eminent names in them. The three Caracci merit prior mention in the Eclectic School. The uncle and two nephews flourished between 1555 and 1609. Annibale, one of the latter, leaving the greatest reputation. We may also give the names of Guido Reni and Domenichino, but these belong more properly to the next century. A great change has taken place lately in public opinion on the subject of the Eclectic School, and they by no means hold the high place they formerly occupied, their fundamental ideas of Art being now condemned.

The Caracci were founders of the Bolognese School. Ludovico, the uncle, was cold and correct; Agostino, talented and brilliant, but fickle and versatile; Annibale,

laborious and enthusiastic, but impatient, though generous in temper. He was employed by Cardinal Odoardo Farnese to decorate his Palace in Rome, and is said to have received only 500 crowns for eight years' assiduous labour in the Farnese Gallery. He died shortly after this, in 1609, and was buried, at his own desire, by the side of Raphael.

The founder of the Naturalisti School was Caravaggio (1569-1609): he resided principally at Rome, but visited Naples, Malta, and Sicily. The greatest strength of this School was at Naples, where they were led by a Spaniard, Ribera or Spagnalletto, and perseveringly opposed the followers of the Caracci.

MY IDEAL OF A PERFECT LADY.

IN giving my ideal of a 'perfect lady,' I shall say both more and less than if the word *woman* had been substituted for *lady*. *More*, in that ladyhood implies a possession of culture and refinement which many a good and noble woman may not possess ; and *less*, because in trying to describe a perfect woman, I should endow her with great intellectual powers, which might be wanting in one who was in every thought and word—a Lady.

I shall begin with the least important feature of my ideal—her personal appearance. She is tall and slight, with graceful carriage, delicate hands, shapely feet, a sweet, and above all, an *expressive* face.

Her attire is neat, harmonious and becoming; and the care she bestows upon her dress is also given to all her surroundings. As soon as you enter her room, her dainty touch is visible in the tasteful arrangement of furniture and ornaments, and the perfect order so grateful to the eye. She does not leave all this to servants—her own individuality is unmistakeably displayed in the treatment of what a woman lovingly calls her 'things'—little gifts and mementoes with fond memories attached to them, which are too precious to be left to the care of hirelings. How instantly one can detect the presence of the *lady* of the house!

In her relations with her dependents she is firm, just, and considerate ; she expects no more from human nature than it is able to give, and, having a practical knowledge of the duties she expects from others, she is reasonable in her requirements. Fault-finding is odious to her ; but she does not shrink from it, when unhappily it is necessary ; her

reprofs are grave and gentle, and she never inflicts the pain of sarcasm upon those whose position forbids reply—on her servants or children: this is a special characteristic of my 'ideal'; she never wounds the feelings of others by those sharp speeches which seem to come so readily to many women.

Cultivated and perfectly refined, her influence is always a beneficial one, and is sufficient, without words, to check any approach to coarseness, or jests on things sacred, sinful, or sad; she never uses 'slang' in reference to love, drunkenness, or insanity. We may sum up all we wish to say of her treatment of others, whether equals or inferiors, by saying that she is scrupulously careful to regard their feelings and wishes: this is with her a paramount duty, the observance of which is absolutely essential to her character as a Lady. Christian good principle rules her conduct, and the tact, which is the result of culture and refinement, and which many a good woman lacks, leads her to do and say always the right things, and to avoid anything that would wound those with whom she is brought in contact.

Her daily occupations may not be always to her taste; but, when necessity obliges, they are undertaken cheerfully, and she never feels that any duty, however disagreeable, is derogatory to her ladyhood.

I have said nothing on the disputed subject of *birth*—while I should never say that good birth was indispensable, yet I do think that good blood and good training is the happiest combination, and I should like my 'perfect lady' to possess the advantage of a noble ancestry,—noble, not merely in birth, but in knightly and chivalrous deeds, so that in every respect she should be fitted to be the life companion of husband or brother 'without fear and without reproach.'

In Occasione dello Sposalizio
DEL BUON ARTURO EDMUND
COLLA DAMIGELLA F. ANABELLA GROOM,

Agosto 1878.

~~~~~  
*IL DÌ DELLE NOZZE.*

*AGLI SPOSI.*

**ARTURO ED ANABELLA.**

**ACROSTICO.**

**A**l pensar del fausto giorno,  
Rinverdire suol la mente,  
Tanta gioja il cor ne sente,  
Un desio negli occhi appar.

Riedendo il mattino,  
Olezzar l'aura amorosa,  
Ei rifulge sulla sposa,  
Dà principio a vagheggiar.

Assai grato è quell 'istante,  
Nel mirar fra i lieti lari,  
Alma tal che non ha pari,  
Bel tesoro di bontà.

E l'amor guida perenne  
L'avvenir de' casti amanti;  
Lo infiora degl' incanti,  
Alla cara fedeltà.

**N. MINOLA.**

**Ad Arturo Edmunds.**

**POCHE PAROLE DI SOLLIEVO PER L'AMARA  
PERDITA DELL'AMATA SUA SPOSA,**

*Giugno 1879.*

---

**ARTURO MIO DILETTO.**

**ACROSTICO.**

**A**NABELLA non è più ! Cruda morte,  
Recise il cor d'amato consorte !  
Tanta gioja, tanto amor seppelli  
Un infausto dì.

**R**icorda che in valle di dolore  
Omai viviam, e in divo amore,  
Mesto esclama, 'Sia fatto, non il mio,  
Il voler di Dio !'

**O** Arturo ! Quanto or or perdesti  
Dorme quaggiù, e vive fra celesti.  
I dì felici son pochi ! Son rari  
Li nostri cari.

**È** sacra sua memoria. Intanto  
Tergi, si tergi l'amaro pianto !  
Tu sai che, sciolta dal mortal velo,  
Or sta in cielo.

**N. MINOLA.**

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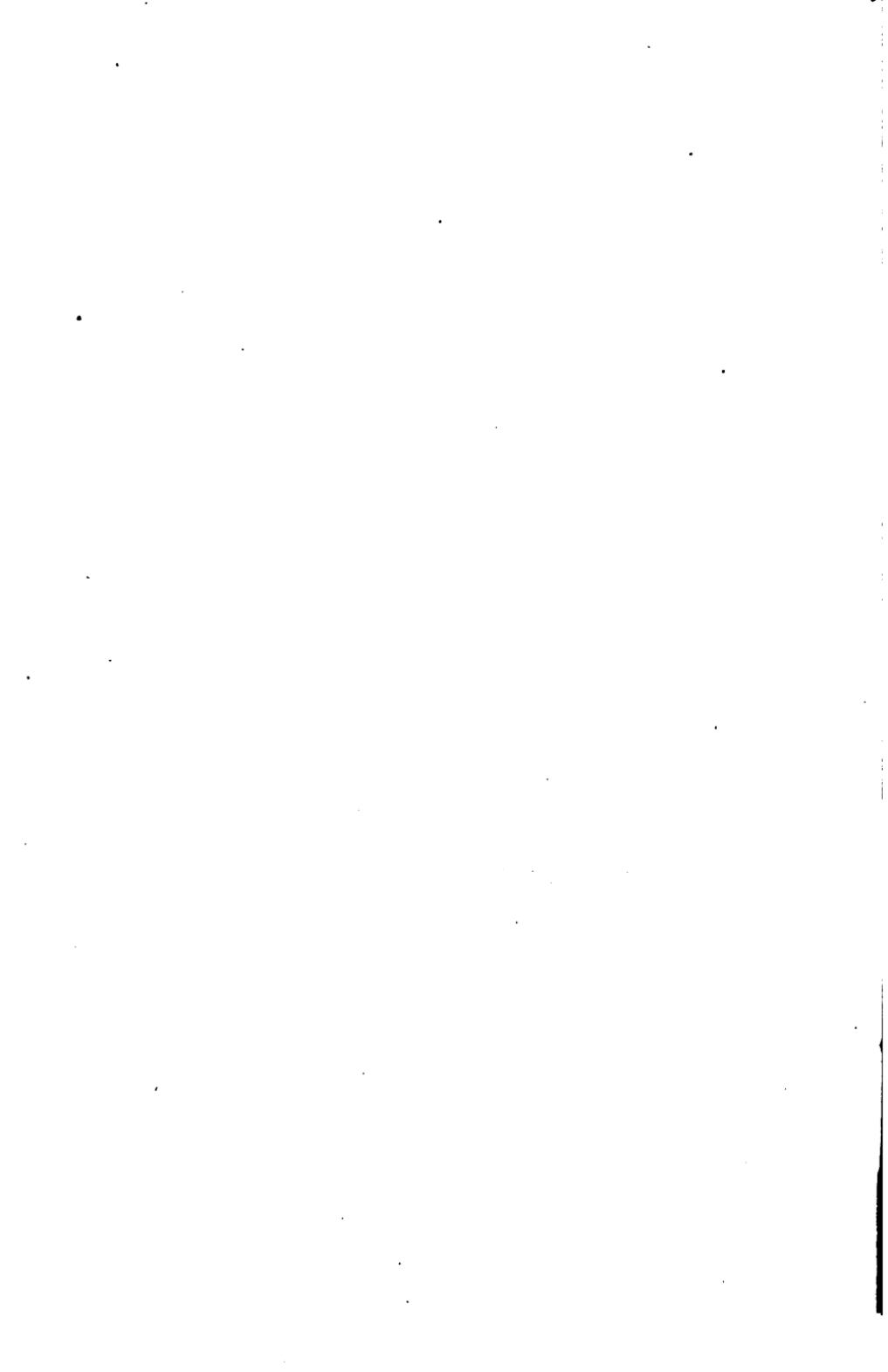
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